THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 13, 1903 — FIVE CENTS THE COPY

A Point of Honor

By

F. Hopkinson Smith

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

The PASSING of the HORSE

THE silent horse power of this runabout is measurable, dependable and spontaneous. The horse power generated by supplies of hay and oats is variable, uncertain and irresponsive.

There is "*Nothing to watch but the road*" when you drive

The Oldsmobile

"The best thing on wheels"

You see them everywhere—Doctors, Lawyers and Merchants find the Oldsmobile the most practical vehicle for business purposes. Ladies and children can readily understand its mechanism. Unvarying reliability proves it is built to run *and does it.*

Price $650.00

Selling agencies are established in all the larger cities, where you will be gladly accorded the privilege of trying the Oldsmobile on the road. Write for illustrated book to Dept. G.

Olds Motor Works

OFFICES, Detroit, Mich.
FACTORIES—Detroit and Lansing

BEN-HUR FLOUR

WINS THE RACE.

If you have ever tried it, you know why. If you have not—something good is in store for you. Light, beautiful Bread, Rolls, Cakes and Pies that have just the right flavor and finish, will grace your table if you use Ben-Hur Flour. Whether you work with brain or muscle, or better still if you work with both, you need rich, fine, wholesome Bread to do your work well and bring out the best efforts that are in you. The richest, finest, most wholesome loaf that ever came out of any oven is made from Ben-Hur Flour. It contains more nutriment than bread made from other flour and keeps light and moist longer. ASK your grocer.

Made by ROYAL MILLING CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

FREE WE WILL SEND ONE MIXING SPOON TO ANY LADY WHO WILL SEND US BEFORE OCTOBER 1ST, 1903, THE CARD OR BILL HEAD OF ONE RETAIL GROCER WHO DOES NOT SELL BEN-HUR FLOUR.

MENTION THIS MAGAZINE

ALL the HEAT where *HEAT* is NEEDED

THE IDOL OF THE LAUNDRY

A COLD HANDLE & A HOT IRON

THE housewife who does not use Asbestos Sad Irons is sacrificing comfort and economy. These irons supersede all other Sad Irons on the market. They have revolutionized ironing day methods. They concentrate and retain the heat, leaving the handle cool and comfortable. Finely finished and made in

Laundry Sets, Pressing, Polishing, Shirt Waist Sets, Sleeve, Tourist and Baby Irons.

Sold in leading department and hardware stores. Ask to see them. To get our booklet into the hands of every housewife who reads THE SATURDAY EVENING POST we will send with it

A Waxer and Polisher Free

An ingenious patented article that does away with wax bags and polishing cloths. You can use it on any iron. Don't wait until to-morrow—write to-day.

THE DOVER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Canal Dover, O.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1903, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 175 PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 13, 1903 Number 50

A POINT OF HONOR

Being the History of the Barsac-Mariguy Duel as Veraciously Related by Joseph Hornblend

By F. Hopkinson Smith

THE omnibus stopped in the garden, or to be more exact, at the porch of the hotel opening into the garden. Not the ordinary omnibus with a flapping door fastened with a strap leading to the boot-leg of the man on top, a post-office box inside with a glass front, holding a smoky kerosene lamp, and two long pew-cushioned seats placed so close together that everybody rubs everybody else's knees when it is full; not that kind of an omnibus at all, but a wide, low, yellow-painted (yellow as a canary), morocco-cushioned, go-to-the-theatre-in kind of an omnibus drawn by a pair of stout Normandy horses, with two men in livery on the box in front and another on the lower step behind who helps you in and out and takes your bundles and does any number of delightful and courteous things.

This yellow-painted chariot, moreover, was just the kind of a vehicle that should have moved in and out of this flower-decked garden. Not only did its color harmonize with the surroundings—quite as a mass of yellow nasturtiums harmonizes with the peculiar soft green of its leaves—but its appointments were quite in keeping with the luxury and distinction of the place. For only millionaires and princes, and people who travel with valets and maids, and now and then a staid old painter like myself who is willing to be tucked away anywhere, but whose calling is supposed to lend éclat to the Register, are ever to be found there.

The omnibus, then, stopped at the hotel porch and in front of the manager, who stood with a bunch of telegrams in his hand. Behind him smiled the clerk, and on his right bowed the Lord High Porter in gold lace and buttons: everything is done in the best and most approved style at the Baur au Lac in Zurich.

"Did you telegraph, sir? No? Well—let—me—see—Ah, yes! I remember—you were here last year. Number 13, Fritz, on the second floor" (this to a boy), and the manager passed on and saluted the other passengers—two duchesses in silk dusters, a count in a straw hat with a green ribbon, and two Italian noblemen in low collars and mustaches. At least, they must have been noblemen or something better, judging from the profundity of the manager's bow and the alacrity with which Fritz, the boy, dropped my bag and picked up three of theirs.

Another personage now stepped up—a little man with the eyes of a fox—a courier whom I had not seen for years.

"Why, Joseph! where did you drop from?" I asked.

"From the Engadine, my Lord, and I hope Your Lordship is most well."

"Pretty well, Joseph. What are you doing here?"

"It is an Englishman—a lame Englishman—a matter of two weeks only. And you, my Lord?"

"Just from Venice, on my way back to Paris," I answered.

By this time the manager was gazing with his eyes twice their size, and the small boy was standing in the middle of a heap of bags wondering which one of the nobilities he would serve first.

Joseph had now divested me of my umbrella and sketch trap and was facing the manager.

"Did I hear that thirteen was the number of His Lordship's room?" he inquired of that gentleman. "I will myself go. Give me the bag" (this to the boy). "This way, my Lord." And he led the way through the cool hall filled with flowering plants and up a staircase paneled with mirrors. I followed contentedly behind.

Joseph and I are old acquaintances. In my journeyings around Europe I frequently run across him. He and I have had some varied experiences together in our time—the first in Milan at the Hotel Imperial. A young bride and groom, friends of mine—a blue-eyed, sweet-faced young thing with a husband but one year her senior (the two with a £2000 letter of credit, the gift of a doting father)—had wired for rooms for the night at the Imperial. It was about eight o'clock when the couple drove up in one of those Italian hacks cut low-neck—a landau really—with coachman and footman on the box, and Joseph in green gloves and a silk hat on the front seat. My personal salutations over, we all mounted the stairs, preceded by the entire staff with the proprietor at their head. Here on the first landing we were met by two flunkeys in red and a blaze of electric light which revealed five rooms. In one was spread a game supper with every variety of salad known to an Italian lunch counter; in another—the salon—stood a mass of roses the size and shape of a flour barrel; then came a huge bedroom, a bathroom and a boudoir.

The groom, young as he was, knew how little of the letter of credit was left. The bride did not. Neither did Joseph.

"What's all this for, Hornblend?" asked the groom, casting his eyes about in astonishment. Hornblend is the other half of Joseph's name.

"For Monsieur and Madame."

"What! for one night?"

Joseph worked both shoulders and opened his fingers—he had removed his gloves—till they looked like two bunches of carrots.

"Does it not Monsieur please?"

"Please! Do you think I'm a royal family?"

The carrots collapsed, the shoulders stopped and a pained expression overspread Joseph's countenance. The criticisms had touched his heart.

The groom and I put our heads together—mine is gray and I have seen many couriers in my time! His was blond and curly, and Joseph was his first experience.

I beckoned to the proprietor.

"Who ordered this suite of rooms and all this tomfoolery?"

The man bowed and waved his hand loftily toward the groom.

"How?"

"By telegraph."

"Let me see the dispatch."

One of the functionaries—the clerk—handed me the document.

"Is this the only one?"

"Yes."

"It is signed 'Joseph Hornblend,' you see."

"Yes."

"Then let Hornblend pay for it. Now be good enough to show these young people to a bedroom and send your head waiter to me. We will all dine downstairs together in the cafe."

Since that night in Milan Joseph always has called me "My Lord."

He had altered but little. His legs were a little more bowed, the checks of his trousers a trifle larger and the part of his iron-gray hair less regular than in the old days, but the general effect was the same—the same flashy waistcoat, the same long gold watch-chain baited with charms, the same shiny, bell-crown silk hat and the same shade of green kid gloves—same pair, I think. Nor had his manner changed—that cringing, deferential, attentive manner which is so flattering at first to the unsuspecting and inexperienced, and so positive and top-lofty when his final accounts are submitted—particularly if they are disputed. The voice, too, had lost none of its soft, purring quality—a church-whisper-voice with the drone of the organ in it.

And yet withal Joseph is not a bad fellow. Once he knows the size of your pocketbook he willingly adapts his expenditures to its contents. Ofttimes, it is true, there is nothing left but the pocketbook, but then some couriers

would even take that. When he is in doubt as to the amount, he tries experiments. I have learned since that the lay-out for the bride and groom that night in Milan was only one of his experiments—the proprietor being co-conspirator. The coach belonged to the hotel; the game supper was moved up from the restaurant, and the flowers had been left over from a dinner the night before. Had they all done duty, Joseph's commissions would have been that much larger. As it was, he collected his percentage only on the coach and the two men on the box and the flunkeys at the head of the stairs. These had been *used*. The other preparations were only looked at.

Then again, Joseph not only speaks seven languages, but he speaks them well—for Joseph—so much so that a stranger is never sure of his nationality.

"Are you French, Joseph?" I once asked him.

"No."

"Dutch?"

"No."

"What then?"

"I am a Jew gentleman from Germany."

He lied, of course. He's a Levantine from Constantinople, with Greek, Armenian, Hindu and perhaps some Turkish blood in his veins. This combination insures him good temper, capacity and imagination; not a bad mixture for a courier. Besides, he is reasonably honest—not punctiliously so—not as to francs, perhaps, but certainly as to fifty-pound notes—that is, he was while he served me. Of course, I never had a fifty-pound note—not all at once—but if I had had I don't think he would have absorbed it—not if I had signed it on the back for identification and had kept it in a money belt around my waist and close to my skin.

Those things, however, never trouble me. I don't want to make a savings bank of Joseph. It is his vivid imagination that appeals to me—or perhaps the picturesqueness with which he puts things. In this he is a veritable master. His material, too, is not only uncommonly rich, but practically inexhaustible. He knows everybody; has traveled with everybody; has always kept one ear and one eye open even when asleep, and has thus picked up an immense amount of information regarding people and events—mostly his own patrons—the telling of which has served to enliven many a quiet hour while he sat beside me as I painted. Why, once I remember in Stamboul when some Arabs had——

But I forget that I am following Joseph upstairs and that his mission is to see that I am comfortably lodged at the Baur au Lac in Zurich.

When we reached the second floor Joseph met the porter emerging into the corridor with my large luggage. He had mounted the back stairs.

"Let me see Number 13, Porter," cried Joseph. "Ah, yes! it is. Just as I supposed. Is it in that hole you would put my Lord?—where there is noise all the time? You see that window, my Lord?" (By this time I had reached the two disputants and had entered the room.) "You remember, Your Highness, that enormous omnibus in which you have arrived just? It is there that it sleeps." And Joseph craned his head out of the window and pointed in the direction of the courtyard. "When it goes out in the morning at seven o'clock for the train it is like thunder. The Count Monflot had this room. You should have seen him when he was awoke at seven. He was like a crazy man. He pulled all the strings out of the bells, and when the waiter come he had the hat box of Monsieur the Count at his head."

Dismissing the apartment with a contemptuous wave of his hand, Joseph, with the porter's assistance, who had a pass-key, began a search of the other vacant rooms: half the hotel was vacant, I afterward learned; all this telegram and book business was merely an attempt to bolster up the declining days of a bad season.

"Number 21? No—it is a little better, but it's too near the behind stairs. It would be absurd to put His Lordship there. Number 24?"—here he looked into another room. "No, you can hear the grande baggage in the night going up and down. No, it will not do."

The manager, having disposed of the other members of the Emperor's household, now approached with a servile smile fitted to all parts of his face. Joseph attacked him at once.

"Is His Lordship a valet, Monsieur, that you should put him in such holes? Do you not know that he never wakes until ten and has his coffee at eleven, and the omnibus, you know, sleeps there." And he pointed outside. (Another Levantine lie: I am up at seven when the light is right).

Here the porter unlocked another room and stood by smiling. He knew the game was up now, and had reserved this one for the last.

"No—28! Ah, this is something like. Yes, my Lord, this will be quite right. La Contessa Moriarti had this room—yes, I remember." (Joseph never serves any woman below the rank of Contessa.)

So I moved into Number 28, handed Joseph the keys and the porter deposited my luggage and withdrew, followed by the manager. Soon the large and small trunks were disemboweled, my sponge hung on a nail in the window and the several toilet articles distributed in their proper places, Joseph serving in the triple capacity of courier, valet and chambermaid—the lame Englishman being out driving and Joseph, therefore, having this hour to himself. This distribution, of course, was made in deference to my exalted rank and the twenty-franc gold piece which he never fails to get despite my resolutions and which he always seems to have earned despite my knowledge as to how the trick is performed.

Suddenly a crash sounded through the hall as if somebody had dropped a tray of dishes. Then came another and another. Either every waiter in the house was dropping trays or an attack was being made on the pantry by a mob.

Joseph, with a bound, threw back the door and we rushed out.

Just opposite my room was a small salon with the door wide open. In its centre stood a man with an iron poker in his hand. He was busy smashing what was left of a large mirror, its pieces littering the floor. On the sofa lay another man twice the size of the first one, who was roaring with laughter. Down the corridor swooped a collection of guests, porters and chambermaids in full cry, the manager at their head.

"Two hundred and fifty francs, eh—for a looking-glass worth twenty francs?" I heard the man with the poker shout. "I blister with my gas jet one little corner and I must pay two hundred and fifty francs. I have ruined the mirror, have I, eh? And it must be thrown out and a new one put in to-morrow—eh?" Bang! Bang! Here the poker came down on some small fragment still clinging to the frame. "Yes, it *will* come out—Bang!—*all* of it will come out."

The manager was now trying to make himself heard. Such words as "my mirror," "outrage," "police," could be heard above the sound of the breaking glass and the shrieks of the man on the sofa, who seemed to be in a paroxysm of laughter.

I looked on for a moment. Some infuriated lodger, angry, perhaps, at the overcharge in his bill, was venting his wrath on the furniture. It was not my mirror and it was not my bill; the manager was present with staff enough to throw both men downstairs if he pleased and without my

"I AM A JEW GENTLEMAN FROM GERMANY"

assistance, and so I turned and reentered my room. Two things fixed themselves in my mind: the alert figure—trim as a fencer's—of the man with the poker, and the laugh of the fat man sprawling on the lounge.

Joseph followed me into my room and shut the door softly behind him.

"Ah, I knew it was he. No other man is so crazy like that. He would break the head of the propriétaire just the same. That is an old swindle. That mirror has been cracked four—five—six times. The gas jet is fixed so that you *must* crack it. All the mirrors like the one he burnt—it was only a little spot, I know—go upstairs in the cheap rooms and new ones are brought in for such games. Most always they pay, but Monsieur—it is not like him to pay. He has heard of the trick perhaps—is it not delicious?" and Joseph's face widened into a grin.

"You know him then?" I broke in.

"Know him?—Oh, for many years. He is the great Doctor Barsac. He smashes everything he doesn't like. He smashed that old fat Monsieur who made so much laugh. His name is Mariguy. He looks like a curé, does he not? But he is not a curé: he is an advocate. Barsac is from Basle, but Mariguy lives in Paris. Those two are never separated; they love each other like a man and a wife. There is a great medical convention here in Zurich and Barsac has brought Mariguy with him to show him off. He put a new silver stomach in Mariguy last winter and is very proud of it. It is the great operation of the year, they say."

"What happened to the fat man, Joseph—was it an accident?"

"No—a duel. Barsac ran him through the belly with his sword."

"Permit me, my Lord——" And Joseph stepped to the window. "Yes, there comes the lame Englishman home from the drive. Excuse me—I will go and help him from his carriage." And Joseph bowed himself out backward.

. . . . . .

II

JOSEPH'S departure left my mind in an unsettled state. I hadn't the slightest interest in the great surgeon who had made the cure of the year, nor the stout advocate with his nickel-plated digestive apparatus. Both of them might have broken every mirror in the hotel and have thrown the fragments out of the window and the manager after them without raising my pulse a beat. Neither did the medical convention nor the doctor's exhibit cause me a moment's thought. Such things were commonplace, and of every-day occurrence. Only the dramatic in life appeals to so staid and gray an old painter as myself, and even Joseph's picturesque imagination could not imbue either one of the incidents of the morning with that desirable quality.

What really did appeal to me as I conjured up in my mind the picture of the fat man sprawled over the sofa cushions roaring with laughter was the duel and the causes that led up to it. Why, if the man was his friend, had the doctor selected the hilarious advocate as an antagonist, and what could have induced the surgeon to pick out that particular section of his friend's surface as his point of attack?

That same night, in the smoking-room of the hotel, Joseph caught sight of me as he passed the open door and moved forward to my table. He had changed his dress of the morning, discarding the inflammatory waistcoat and was now upholstered in a full suit of black. He explained that there were some friends of his living in the village who were going to have some music. The Englishman was in bed and asleep, and now that he was sure that I was comfortable he could give himself some little freedom with his mind at rest.

I motioned him to a seat.

He laid his silk hat and one glove on an adjoining table, spread his coat-tails and deposited himself on the extreme edge of a chair—a position which would enable him to regain his feet at a moment's notice should any of my friends chance to join me. It is just such delicate recognition of my rank and lordly belongings that makes Joseph's companionship ofttimes a pleasure.

"You tell me, Joseph, that that crazy doctor stabbed the fat man in a duel."

"Not *stabbed*, my Lord! That is not the nice word. It was done So—*So*—So." And Joseph's wrist, holding an imaginary sword, performed the grand thrust in the air. "He is a master with the rapier. When he was at the Sorbonne he had five duels and never once a scratch. His honor was most paramount. He would fight with anybody, and for the smallest thing. If one man had a longer cane, or wore a higher hat, or took cognac in his coffee. Not for the grisette or for the cards in the face; not so big a thing as that; quite a small thing that nobody would remember a moment. And with his friends always—never with the man he did not before know."

"And was the fat man his friend?"

"His friend! Mon Dieu! they were like the brothers. One—two—five year, I think—all the whole time of the instruction. I was not there, of course, but a friend of mine tell me—a most truthful man, my friend."

"What was the row about? Cognac in his coffee?"

"I do not know—perhaps somethings. Yes, I do remember now. It was the cutting of the hair. Barsac like it short and Mariguy like it long. Barsac tried to cut the hair from Mariguy's head when he was asleep, and then it began. It was in that little wood at the bridge at Surèsne that they went to fight. You know you turn to the right and there is a little place—all small trees—there it was.

"When they all got ready there quickly arrive a carriage all dust and the horse in a sweat and out jumps an old lady—it was Mariguy's mother. Somebody had told her—not Mariguy, of course, but some student. 'Stop,' she cried; 'you do not my son kill. You, Barsac, you do nothing but fight!' Then they all talk and Mariguy say to Barsac: 'It cannot be; my mother, as you see, is old. There is no one but me. If I am wounded she will be in the bed with fright. If I am killed she will be dead. It is my mother, you see, that you fight not me.'

"Barsac take off his hat and bow to Madame." (Joseph had now reached for his own and was illustrating the incident with an appropriate gesture.) "'Madame Mariguy,' said Barsac, 'I make ten thousand pardons. I respect the devotion of the mother.' And he went back to Paris and Mariguy got into the carriage and go away with the mother."

"But, Joseph, of course that was not the last of it?"

"Yes, my Lord, until one year ago."

"Why, did they have another quarrel, Joseph?"

"No, not another—never but that one. They were for a long time what you call friends of the bosom. Every day after that they see each other and every night they dine at the Louis d'Or below the Luxembourg. Then pretty soon the doctor, he have to take his degree and come back to Basle to live, and M. Mariguy also have take his degree and become a great advocate in Paris. Every week come a letter from Barsac to Mariguy and one from Mariguy to Barsac."

Joseph stopped in his narrative at this point, noticing perhaps some shade of incredulity across my countenance, and said parenthetically: "I am quite surprised, my Lord, that you have not this heard before. It was quite the talk of Paris at the time. No? Well, then, I will tell you everything as it did happen, for I do assure you that it is most exciting.

"All this time—it was quite ten years, perhaps fifteen—not one word does Monsieur Barsac say to Monsieur Mariguy about the insult of the long hair. All the time, too, they are together. For the summer they go to a little village in the Swiss mountains and for the winter they go to Nice and most every night they play a little at the tables. It was there I met them.

"One morning at Basle the doctor was at his table eating the breakfast when the newspaper is put on the side. He read a little and sip his coffee and then he read a little more—all this, my Lord, was in the papers at the time—I am quite astonished that you have not seen it—and then the doctor make a loud cry, and throw the paper down, run upstairs, pack his bag, jump into a fiacre and go like mad to the station. The next morning he is in Paris, and at the house of his friend Mariguy. In three days they are at Surèsne again—not in the little wood, but in the garden of Monsieur Rochefort, who was his second. It was against the law to go into the little wood to fight, so they took the nearest place to their old meeting—a little sentiment, you see, my Lord, which Monsieur the Doctor always enjoys.

"They toss up for the sun, and Monsieur Barsac he gets the shade. At the first pass—no one is hurt. At the second Monsieur Barsac has a little scratch on his wrist, but no blood. The seconds make inspection most careful. They regret that the encounter must go on, but the honor is not yet satisfied. At the third Monsieur Mariguy made a misstep and Monsieur Barsac's sword go into Monsieur Mariguy's shirt and come out at Monsieur Mariguy's back.

"YES, IT WILL COME OUT—ALL OF IT WILL COME OUT"

"You can imagine what then take place. Doctor Barsac cry in a loud voice that his honor is satisfied and the next moment he is on his knees beside his friend. Monsieur Mariguy is at once put in the bed and for one—two—three months he is dead one day and breathe a little the next. Barsac never leave the house of his friend Monsieur Rochefort one moment—not one day does he go back to Basle. Every night he is by the bed of Monsieur Mariguy. Then comes the critical moment. Monsieur Mariguy must have a new stomach; the old one is like a stocking with a hole in the toe. Then comes the great triumph of Monsieur le Docteur. All Paris come out to see. To make a stomach of silver is to make one the fool, they say. The old doctors shake their heads, but Barsac he only laugh. In one more month Monsieur Mariguy is on his feet and every day walks a little in the Bois near the house of Monsieur Rochefort. In one more month he run, and eat himself full like a boy.

"He is now no longer the great advocate. He is the *example* of Monsieur Barsac. That is why he is here at the medical convention. They arrived only yesterday and leave to-night. If you turn a little, my Lord, you can see into the other room. There they sit smoking—Ah! do you hear? That is Monsieur Mariguy's laugh. Oh, they enjoy themselves! They have drank two bottles of Marcobrunner already—twenty-five francs each, if you please, my Lord. The head waiter showed me the bottles. But what does Barsac care? He cut everything out of the Prince Morin one day last month and had for a fee fifty thousand francs and the order of St. John."

I bent my head in the direction of Joseph's index finger and easily recognized the two men at the table. The smaller man, Barsac, was even more trim and alert looking than when I caught a glimpse of him in the bedroom. As he sat and talked to Mariguy he looked more like an officer in the French Army than a doctor. His hair was short, his mustache pointed, and his beard closely trimmed. He had two square shoulders and a slim waist and talked with his hands as if they were part of his mental equipment. The other man, Mariguy, the "example," was just a fat, jolly, good-natured Frenchman, who to all appearance loved a bottle of wine better than he did a brief.

Joseph was about to begin again when I stopped him with this inquiry:

"There is one thing in your story, Joseph, that I don't quite get—you say they were students together?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"That the first duel—the one that the mother stopped—was fifteen years ago?"

"Quite true, my Lord."

"And that this last duel was fought a year ago, and that all that time they were together whenever they could be and devoted friends?"

"Every word true, my Lord."

"Well, then, why didn't they fight before?"

Joseph looked at me with a curious expression on his face—one rather of disappointment, as if I had utterly failed to grasp his meaning.

"Fight before! It would have been impossible, my Lord. Barsac's honor was at the stake."

"And he must wait fifteen years," I asked with some impatience, "to vindicate it?"

"Certainly, my Lord—or twice that time if it was necessary. It was only when he read in the paper at the table of his breakfast that morning in Basle that he knew."

"What difference did that make?"

"Every difference, my Lord; Madame Mariguy, the mother, was only the day before dead."

THE LIGHTER SIDE

Horse-Sense and Horse-Play in Congress

By Alfred Henry Lewis

BLACKBURN, in the Senate from Kentucky, was a bluff, back-slapping statesman, albeit, verbally, a wing-shot of much accuracy. Dubois, of Idaho, had just concluded a sharp bicker with the year-frosted Hoar, of Massachusetts. The Bay State Senator had blocked a Dubois bill with a point of order and refused to get out of the way.

"I think," observed the disgusted Dubois to Blackburn, whose seat was next to his own, "I think Hoar the narrowest and most hidebound man in the Senate."

"Sorry, old man," retorted Blackburn, as he lolled back in his chair, "sorry I can't go with you; but the fact is I'm committed to Vilas for that place."

On one occasion Lindsey, who succeeded Carlisle as a Senator from Kentucky, was coming East with Blackburn. It was morning; the train was swaying and rocking through the Allegheny hills; precisely the hour, the motion and the place to remind a gentleman of Blue Grass genesis that he needed a stomachic. Lindsey, returning from the smoking-room, was concerned to note that his colleague's countenance, usually so bland, wore a look of troubled gloom.

"What's wrong?" asked Lindsey anxiously.

"The worst thing in the world," returned Blackburn. "I've lost the better part of my baggage."

"Was it stolen, or did you leave it behind?"

"Neither; the cork came out."

Senator Brice was wont to tell a Blackburn story on himself. While red as a fox when hair and beard were considered, the Ohio statesman was harsh of feature and owned a nose arched like the back of a bucking pony.

"I asked Blackburn," said Brice, "on the heels of a three-months' trip through Europe which he had taken, what he saw to most impress him while abroad.

"'Speak of Satan, etcetera!' exclaimed Blackburn, turning around (he was in converse with Vest at the time), 'why, I was just telling Vest. I was saying to him that I saw at least one hundred pictures of Judas Iscariot in the various galleries I tramped through, and the amazing thing was that while no two of them resembled each other, they all looked like Cal. Brice.'"

Brice, himself, was a Senate force. Like Jefferson, Brice never made a speech—never talked ten words while standing on his feet. Yet such was his power of insinuation and skill for intrigue that he, with Gorman, re-made the Wilson bill from top to bottom and passed it through the Senate with nothing better to work upon than a White House opposition and a Senate majority of one. That was the tariff day when Brice, on Dubois complaining that the schedule on silver-lead ore was not to his Idaho notion, said:

"Why do you complain? This tariff bill is a free lunch. Why don't you step up and help yourself?"

Dubois took the hint and silver-lead ore was thereupon tariffed somewhat more to his taste.

Brice was the political idol of Colonel Ike Hill, the Democratic whip of the House. Colonel Ike hailed from Brice's State of Ohio and made a boast of the purity and rock-ribbed character of his Democracy.

"My son," said Colonel Ike solemnly, when an inquisitive young man of the newspapers craved to know his age—"my son, I don't want you to print it, because, d'ye see, I'm letting it go 'round here in Washington that I'm only sixty-three. But, between you and me, son, I voted for Franklin Pierce. Yes, sir," continued Colonel Ike, warming as he thought of his record, "I've been a voting Democrat for going on sixty years. I was a Democrat in old Licking

Editor's Note—This is the last of four papers by Mr. Lewis.

County throughout the war, and when the Republicans used to hunt 'em with dogs. For years the issue on which the Republicans of Licking used to run their candidate for sheriff was:

Will you kill
Ike Hill?"

Colonel Ike was in the office of Beriah Wilkins, publisher of the Washington Post, when he furnished these splinters of his past. Across the room sat a very old man. The sight of the aged patriarch enlisted the attention of Colonel Ike.

"How old be you, Uncle Joe?" asked Colonel Ike.

"I'm eighty-eight years old, Ike," piped the old man.

"Eighty-eight years old!" repeated Colonel Ike, surveying his white-haired friend in a mood of thoughtful admiration. Then lapsing into the language of the green-cloth, whereof in younger days he knew a deal—"Eighteen years on velvet!"

Brice, during the fight which Cleveland from the White House was waging for sound money, went personally to his State Convention at Springfield and carried it for gold. Colonel Ike, who had been day and night for silver, was a delegate. On his return to Washington he was questioned as to where he stood when now his State had declared for the single standard.

"I'm for gold," quoth Colonel Ike stoutly. "I was a silver bug and now I'm a gold bug, and I will be a diamond bug if the party declare for diamonds as the unit of value. I'm not going to be lost; I'm a Democrat first, last and always, and if the party flops, Ike Hill flops with it. I can turn so quick the heels of my moccasins will be in front."

One Thing the Horse Could Do

VANCE, of North Carolina, was a shagbark personage of the old Andrew Jackson school. He never wearied of poking fun at Ransom, his colleague. This latter gentleman was the opposite of Vance. There was nothing of the shagbark about Ransom; he was essentially the showcase Senator, was dressed as accurately as an artist might paint a picture, and wore little, glossy, glove-tight boots, the mere looks whereof would pinch one's feet. Although the Brummel of the Senate, Ransom was not a publicist of weight or profundity, and Vance did the work for their State, while Ransom gleamed and glistened.

"The other day, Ransom," said Vance, when the two, with others, were in the cloakroom one dull afternoon—Morgan was talking for a Panama Canal and the cloakrooms were crowded—"the other day when I was down in Raleigh I heard a compliment for you."

"And what was that?" asked Ransom, to whom praise was as a flower to his nose.

"As I was sitting in front of the tavern," went on Vance, "a black boy led out a horse for exercise. The horse was wrapped in a blanket, and all across in big red letters was the name 'Matt Ransom.'

"'I see you've named your horse after Senator Ransom,' I said.

"'Yassir,' responded the black boy.

"'Is he a fast horse?' I asked. 'Can he run?'

"'No, sah, he can't run none. He's a mighty slow hoss, sah.'

"'Can't he trot?' I inquired.

"'Sho! trot?' says the black boy. 'No, sah, he can't trot a little bit. Any ol' cow could pass him.'

"'Well, then,' I insisted, 'what's all this fuss about—with your blanket and you leading him about for exercise? What's he named after Senator Ransom for?'

"'Why, as I states,' explained the black boy, 'he can't trot an' he can't run; but all d' same dish yere hoss has his p'ints. Most of all, sah, he's a pow'ful fine prancer.'"

As displaying the uncertainties of politics and showing how trouble may, without blame on his part, brew for a gentleman in high station, a story might be told of Dubois.

The Idaho Senator was nothing old for years, and it is to be presumed that Mrs. Carlisle, when she so inadvertently laid the foundations of his grief, did not identify him as a member of that severe Senate body. Mrs. Carlisle was at the head of a circle of ladies who were raising money for the rehabilitation of Andrew Jackson's tomb which, so ran a Tennessee story, was falling to decay. They were about to give an exhibition in one of the Washington theatres, a first element of the show being a minuet in costume and danced after the slow and stately fashion of the days of old.

When a Senator "Verged on the Giddy"

DUBOIS, who was six feet tall, and as slim and straight as an Indian, caught Mrs. Carlisle's eye as he sat next her at a dinner given by the Brices. It occurred to the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury that the lithe and active Dubois was, for age and size and look, exactly the thing for a minuet. Acting on the instant impulse, she proposed that Dubois should lead the minuet, dressed in the garb of a bull-fighter of Seville. Dubois readily assented, deeming the affair a merry jest.

The next day, however, when he saw himself announced in the society columns of the local paper as on the minuet program—for the lady had learned his name in the interim and was more than pleased to think she had won to her aid so illustrious a dancer—the humor of the situation began sensibly to fade. It grew less and still less when the story reached Idaho and the papers of his home region proceeded to comment thereon with Roman sternness.

> "Fred Dubois," observed one imprint, in effect—it was some such publication as the Weekly Yell of Warwhoop Crossing, if I mistake not—" Fred Dubois as a Senator is becoming a shade too frivolous. We note by our Eastern exchanges that he has hooked up with an outfit to dance a minuet in knee-breeches ornamented with white lace ruffles. Dubois was brought up in a rattlesnake country and can make a backward jump of twelve feet, and no one doubts, therefore, his ability to shine out in a minuet. Still it is slightly verging on the giddy, not to say the heartless, for Fred, at a time when hard times has got his State treed and out on a limb, to be back East dancing minuets. If it were a lariat polka now, or a pocatello reel, it wouldn't seem so bad; but for Fred to be strutting through a chill, callous minuet—doing it on a cold collar, mind you!—and we, his constituents, jumping sidewise for grub, raises within us feelings which 'lay over' anything we ever experienced, like four kings and an ace. Like the old lady in the Tennessee Mountains, after hearing for the first time of the Crucifixion and shedding tears for an hour, all we can do is look up between our sobs and say, 'Parson, let's hope it ain't so.'"

That minuet story ran about in Idaho like fire in dry grass. It had not a trifle to do with the defeat of Dubois when he sought a reelection. He is again in the Senate, but it took six years of retirement to live down that unfortunate minuet.

Everything one sees in Washington has a reason if one can but turn it out; one may be sure that nothing governmental comes by chance. Now and again, however, it would be hard to arrive at the cause of some given phenomenon unless one had a guide. It was during the last year of the ice-cold Harrison's administration, and when Crisp was Speaker of the House. The fact was noticed curiously by House members that when Crisp would leave the chair he called frequently on Dockery, of Missouri—he is now Governor of that State—to take his place and preside. The distinction gave Dockery limitless satisfaction, as any one might see.

While the joy it gave Dockery to wield the House gavel was patent to all, the reason why Crisp should so honor him was by no means clear. Dockery had been a staunch adherent of Mills throughout the hot caucus fight for the Speakership and there lived no visible claim on his part for these particular favors of Crisp. Why was Crisp so persistently calling Dockery to play at being Speaker? That was a question which held the House on tiptoe.

One afternoon, while a select coterie were in the cloakroom, the question was asked of General Catchings, of Mississippi; Catchings was Crisp's right-hand man on the House floor.

The Great Dockery Miracle

"THE miracle of Dockery in the chair," said Catchings, "can readily be explained. I'm the guilty party and the story runs like this: The thing I'm most afraid of is that Harrison, up in the White House, will name a negro to be postmaster at Vicksburg. To prevent that dark calamity I have to get Bruce, who was aforetime Senator from Mississippi and is just now Register of Deeds for the District of Columbia, to go to Harrison and argue against it. To get Bruce to interpose his word and influence I have to get Dockery, who, as chairman of a sub-committee on the Committee of Appropriations, has Bruce more or less under his gun, to exert his influence with Bruce. Lastly, to get Dockery to thus exercise himself with Bruce for my benefit I have to see to it that Crisp, at reasonable intervals, lets Dockery preside over the House. It's a pleasure to both Crisp and me at that, since it so fills and overflows the Dockery cup of bliss. That's all there is, gentlemen, to the wonder of Dockery in the chair. Whenever you see Dockery handling the gavel you may be sure that Harrison, at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, is not appointing a black postmaster for Vicksburg."

The House is a ruder and more exuberant convention than the Senate, and the members will unbuckle and take liberties with one another in debate which would shock the Senate—with its courtesies—to its dignified heart. It was under the "Five-minute rule" and Snodgrass, of Tennessee, arose for the purpose of replying to Jerry Simpson, who, it would seem, had charged Snodgrass, inferentially at least, with the triangular offense of being a lawyer, a fop and a fool. Snodgrass was a dull, tedious, drawling fashion of orator and could set the House nerves on more desperate edge than any other in the chamber. He was proceeding in a manner which he meant should be pompously satirical to crush the guileless Simpson.

"Mr. Speaker," drawled Snodgrass, while the House writhed to be rid of him—"Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Kansas has preferred an indictment against me in three counts. In the first count, Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Kansas charges me with being a lawyer——"

"We'll *nolle* that count," interjected Reed from his seat on the Republican side. "Let the gentleman go on to the next."

"Acting," continued the wearisome Snodgrass with the same exasperating drawl, "acting on the suggestion of my eminent friend from Maine, Mr. Speaker, I will now go on to the second count of the indictment preferred against me by the gentleman from Kansas. In the second count, Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Kansas charges me with being a fop and accuses me, Mr. Speaker, of wearing clothes. I must say, Mr. Speaker"—this with a lofty sneer, full of a spirit of patronage toward the "sockless" Simpson—"I do wear clothes. I might add, Mr. Speaker, that I not only wear clothes when now I am a member of Congress, but, Mr. Speaker, I wore clothes before ever I came to Congress——"

"Just a moment!" broke in Caruth, of Kentucky; "will the gentleman please state how long?"

There came another burst of laughter which would seem to fall as pleasantly on the Snodgrass ear as did the first. He beamed through the uproar like a tarnished sun and when it finished he again took up his oration where Caruth had broken in.

"Mr. Speaker," resumed the pernicious Snodgrass, "the third and last count of the indictment preferred against me by the gentleman from Kansas is that I'm a fool."

"Bang!" came Crisp's gavel. "The gentleman's time has expired!"

Snodgrass looked helplessly about; his five minutes were up; he must leave his defense to that third count floating in the air. It was the amiable Simpson himself who would push to the Snodgrass rescue.

"Mr. Speaker," said Simpson, "I ask unanimous consent that the gentleman's time to speak on that third count be extended five minutes. If the House will grant my request he'll prove it."

When Mrs. Pugh Smelled a Rat

PUGH, of the Senate, and Vest, the then senior statesman from Missouri, were as Jonathan and David. They had been in the Confederate Congress together, and as Vest said "had feared that they might hang as traitors together" and owned many memories in common.

One evening the two had been with Harris, of Tennessee, on Capitol Hill. The weakness of Harris was penny-ante; he played penny-ante nightly, and since he made them play when others failed him, had worn out three secretaries with the game. Harris' motto might have been one with that of the Pinkertons: "I never sleep."

It stood but 11:30 of the clock when Vest and Pugh were about their return. Pugh was a giant in stature, while Vest was physically the smallest man of the Senate; it was but natural, therefore, that Vest should take charge of Pugh whenever they went abroad. On this night, fulfilling his duty as guardian, Vest decided that Pugh might better take a late supper. To that good end Vest had Pugh into a restaurant of the vigorous German sort.

Among other delicacies and for the first time in his career, Pugh was made acquainted with Limburger cheese. Pugh was delighted with the confection. Pugh became eloquent as to its merits; it was such an unstudied, unaffected, sincere form of cheese that he couldn't say too much for it. He would have home a specimen; its virtues should be made clear to the household of Pugh, to the end that thereafter it be ever on the family bill-of-fare.

The proprietor, immensely flattered and moved by Pugh's admiration for this favorite German regale, presented Pugh with an entire cheese wrapped in the original tinfoils. Pugh received it gratefully and stowed it away in the stern-sheets of his dress coat. Then he went home.

Pugh hung his dress coat in a closet and forgot about the tinfoil package in its pocket. The next morning, still forgetful, he arose, donned his every-day suit, repaired to the Capitol and went to passing laws for seventy millions of his countrymen.

It was five o'clock in the dusk of a winter's day when Pugh, his law-passing over for the day, again entered his home. There were signs and symptoms to meet him which he did not understand. The doors were open and the windows up. The chill blasts of January were roving through the rooms. The feminine Pughs were gathered in the library, wrapped in furs. And abroad in the premises there were gentry in overalls who ripped up the flooring, sawed holes in the wainscot and did other deeds common to gasfitters and plumbers who truly love their art.

"What does all this mean?" roared Pugh.

"We can't stay in the house unless it's found," replied Mrs. Pugh from out her furs, wherein she was swaddled like an Eskimo.

"Unless what's found?" demanded the amazed statesman.

"There's a dead rat somewhere," returned Mrs. Pugh, "and it simply must be found."

Then Pugh bethought him of the cheese, sullen and morose, a forgotten capture in the pocket of his dress coat.

A negro, who looked on life as a failure and cared not to stay, was given four bits, and by him the contribution was carried far to leeward; the ravages of the visiting gasfitters were then repaired, confidence was restored and peace again settled about the gables of Pugh.

BROKERAGE AS A BUSINESS FOR YOUNG MEN

By Alfred L. Baker

Former President of the Stock Exchange, Chicago

IN NO other business is the candle of human vitality burned as rapidly as it is in the broker's office. The man who cannot stand sustained work under high pressure has no place in this calling and had better keep out of it.

For this reason the young man who contemplates becoming a stock-broker should subject himself to candid self-examination before making it his choice for a life career. It is not enough that he should feel himself fully equal to a steady grind of hard work, or even to an uncommon degree of close mental application. He may be above the average in both physical and mental ruggedness and still be unfitted for this particular, exacting and strenuous line of commercial effort.

Before he casts the die in favor of this calling let him ask himself: "Am I endowed with a disposition which will enable me to endure excitement with comparative complacency and at the same time to work at 'concert pitch'?" Both of these requirements are essential to success in brokerage. Not possessing these characteristics, a broker is liable to give out at a most important and critical time.

Still other qualifications must not be overlooked. First of these is the broker's instinct. Unless a young man feels a natural and compelling inclination to get into the swift stream of the Exchange he should stifle his ambitions to shine as a broker. This instinct differs from the taste for the slower barter and sale of industrial products as the instinct of the thoroughbred race horse differs from the plodding disposition of the draught horse. Time, it is said, is the essence of all contracts, but especially does this apply to the transactions on the Stock Exchange floor, where time means instant action.

The Value of Making Friends

SO MUCH for the qualifications demanded in the actual discharge of the brokerage business; but business must be got before it is transacted, and it therefore follows that the young man who is equipped for this calling must possess the faculty for getting trade as well as the ability to handle it. A friendly approach to the world at large—to the chance acquaintance as well as to the intimate associate—is a prime requisite in the bearing of the young broker, for it is mainly by this means that he will enlarge the list of his customers. Many a broker has lost thousands of dollars in commissions which would have been his had he not repulsed the stranger who chanced to be introduced to him on the street, in the club, at the summer resort, or wherever men of the world are wont to meet in casual intercourse.

At the outset of his career the young man who elects to follow this business and follow it successfully must make up his mind that he will be a broker only and not a trader—that is, not a speculator himself.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred who have attempted to be traders and speculators on their own account have ended in disaster. Having once determined that he will be a broker he should steel himself to look without covetousness upon the profits of his customers and not allow these to tempt him upon a path of personal speculation. A broker who plays the market is a house divided against itself which must fall.

Naturally, the first thing for the novice in the broker's office to master is a knowledge of the terms and phrases peculiar to the business. Most beginners gain this information in the routine of their daily tasks, but their progress might be materially facilitated by a little home study. The only textbook required is one of the pamphlets used by the leading brokerage offices for distribution among the customers and prospective customers, and distributed as advertising matter.

Commercial printing-houses largely patronized by brokers furnish these pamphlets in large quantities. In addition to a comprehensive definition of brokerage terms and phrases these booklets generally contain the principles governing transactions on the New York Stock Exchange, and also a description of the processes by which such transactions are effected, together with a collection of miscellaneous information of a technical character which the beginner must thoroughly understand before he can grasp the meaning and ramifications of a trade. The pamphlet of this character which happens to be at hand is issued by the Financial Publishing Company, Chicago.

A Valuable Course of Study

WHEN the beginner in the broker's office has learned the terms of the business and gained a general idea of its processes he may at once begin a course of study which is ample enough to satisfy the energies of the most ambitious and tireless student. Although there is a broad and definite foundation to be laid in this line of research, and one which will prove a substantial and abiding asset, the oldest as well as the youngest broker must faithfully pursue this line of inquiry or he will be a poor counselor for his customers and must speedily become a "back number."

This important field of study is found in the official literature of the great railroad organizations of the country, for the stocks, bonds and securities of these corporations are the principal commodities in which the broker traffics. Mainly this literature is in the form of the annual reports of the various railway companies and they are obtained by application to the railway offices. Brokers are generally supplied with these bulky volumes and are glad to give studious employees access to them.

The value of a careful perusal of these documents is easily indicated. Foreknowledge of values or of their general trend is the one thing to be desired by the broker. Of course, he is ne er able actually to know that a certain railway security will advance or decline to a given limit, but it is his business—and the very essence of his business—so to inform himself on the conditions governing the values of that security that he may form a practical opinion of the merits of the property.

In the annual reports of the railroads the student will find the materials from which to build a foundation knowledge of the great properties, and this foundation will at all times serve him as a basis for calculations on the one essential point regarding any security: *its dividend-paying power.*

After learning the main traffic dependence of each road—whether lumber, wheat, corn, live-stock, fruit, coal, oil, manufactured products or a combination of several of these elements—let him dig into the finances of the company, the condition of the property, the personnel of the management and controlling shareholders.

What has the road cost? What is the condition of the property; of the physical plant, consisting of roadbed, rails, rolling-stock, shops, stations and buildings? How much does the company owe and what are the terms of interest and payment governing its various debts? Are costly improvements or extensions in progress? If so, how are the funds for these to be provided—from the surplus, from current earnings or from special issues of bonds? Is the percentage of operating expenses on the increase or decrease? Are any new and promising industrial developments, such as may be expected to swell the dividends of the company, coming to the front in the territory of the road? Are any large expansion movements planned or imminent which, although of a sound character, will temporarily decrease the dividend percentage? Or is there a falling away in any source of traffic which will tend to produce a shrinkage of the earnings of the road?

But the value of this groundwork of research will depend upon the quickness and intelligence with which the young broker applies this knowledge in relation to current events, to labor and crop conditions in the various sections of the country, to discoveries of mineral, oil and other valuable deposits, to the activity in special lines of manufacture and commerce. Unless he can put together the information gained from the morning paper, from the financial journal, from the ticker tape and from correspondence and conversation, and combine it with the knowledge gained from the railroad report, he will be working in the dark, guessing upon "general conditions," and following impulses.

No amount of intuition can take the place of definite knowledge of securities and of the elements which have made and will make their values.

This must be supplanted by a large amount of information of a less definite and authentic kind which must come to him in conversation and general talk. Although the "gossip of the street" is often misleading, it cannot be ignored, and the young broker must accept or reject it according to his own best judgment. In many, and perhaps most, instances he may be able to judge of its worth by reference to his knowledge of the road and its management. So far as possible he should learn something of the character of the men who dictate the policy of each great property. Another important thing for him to learn is who are the smaller as well as the larger holders of securities—particularly of those likely to be eagerly sought after? There is no rule by which this information is to be obtained aside from the very general one of keeping one's ears always open.

Nothing will take the place of a regular and careful reading of one or more of the ablest financial journals of the day. The ambitious young broker will do well to read closely The Commercial and Financial Chronicle, of New York, and The Economist, of Chicago. For a view of the foreign market the London Statist is to be commended. These journals are very sound and reliable, and will greatly assist in the education of the young broker—an education which, to a peculiar degree, is never finished until he quits.

While digging after the hard facts in the railroad reports and the current financial papers, the student will find it both pleasant and helpful to read some of the more entertaining literature of the Exchange. His ambitions will be sharpened and his knowledge of personalities greatly enlarged by the perusal of Mr. Henry Clews' delightful and chatty volume of reminiscences, called Twenty-Eight Years in Wall Street, and published by the Irving Publishing Company, New York.

A List of Useful Reading

ANOTHER interesting and unique work is Benners' Prophecies. This deals with the rise and fall of prices and the various theories regarding the principles underlying price movements. Much that is curious and entertaining is here mixed with considerable information of a useful character.

Of solid books there are many which may well find their way into the library of the young man who is determined systematically to study for brokerage as he would for a profession. Poors' Manual of Railroads (H. V. & W. H. Poor, New York), and Moody's Manual of Industrial and Miscellaneous Securities (O. C. Lewis Co., 6 Wall Street, New York), are essential. In connection with the latter volume it should be said that information regarding the industrial securities is exceedingly difficult to obtain, as these institutions do not issue anything in the line of official literature which corresponds with the elaborate annual reports put out by the railroad companies.

Another excellent handbook of this class is the Manual of Statistics, edited by Henry E. Wallace, and published by Chas. H. Nicoll, New York. This covers all kinds of securities. American Investments Classified is a useful volume by Curtis G. Harraman, 35 Nassau Street, New York. Its information is taken from official sources and relates to investors as well as investments of all classes.

American Street Railway Investments, issued as a supplement to the Street Railway Journal, 120 Liberty Street, New York, is a valuable annual which covers, in a very comprehensive and systematic way, the entire street railway situation of this country, giving the population of every city or town in the country having a surface system, the conditions governing franchises, the amount and nature of stock and bond issues, the time of annual meetings, and the value of plants and equipment.

If the young broker has followed the course of study indicated as essential to his groundwork and still longs for more, he may well spare the time to read Maurice L. Muhleman's Monetary Systems of the World, published by Chas. H. Nicoll, New York. However, he should remember that much of the reading here suggested is of a perpetual character, that the crop of official reports and annuals is perennial, and that the broker who is thoroughly alive must keep up with this fresh harvest of information.

A NEARLY WRECK

BY WILL PAYNE

CRESSET himself manipulated the ink-roller, for that part of the operation required most judgment. His daughter Lydia fastened the sheets of white paper in the fly and lowered this fly over the bed of type. Bob Terhune pulled at the lever which rolled the bed under the press, then gave a mighty jerk to make the imprint. In this way Number 1, Volume I of the Blue Ridge Eagle was printed.

The press lever was as big as a kitchen rolling-pin. Bob grasped it with both hands. The sleeves of his hickory shirt were turned up to the elbows. He wore a long inky apron. Perspiration dripped from his face. He jerked so hard that the floor, where the feet of the press were screwed down, hopped up a little at every imprint. But he had never been so happy before in his life.

Cresset's shirt-sleeves were rolled up and he had daubed himself with ink like a Sioux with war-paint. There was ink in his red whiskers and even a smutch on his high, bald, shiny forehead—for the editor was only an amateur, having given up his twenty-year job as assistant station agent and telegraph operator in Marmion, Ohio, only a month before. But the very smell of the ink was a joy to him, for here he was with his newspaper at last.

Lydia Cresset laughed over her work. She alone was spotless. With the broad, white sheets of unprinted paper she had made a pair of enormous cuffs to go over the sleeves of her cotton waist, and a bib, pinned on before, and a mob cap that sat jauntily over her yellow, fluffy hair. In the small, staid town of Marmion, Ohio, the lifelong job of assistant station agent had fixed the family's caste. Miss Lydia was happy to get away. In Blue Ridge she felt herself already becoming a success. She was twenty-seven, with light blue eyes and a kind of fragile, somewhat faded prettiness.

The paper cuffs and cap had a certain picturesqueness. Bob Terhune looked that way again and again with a helpless and guilty dumbness and a happily quaking heart. He was a size and a half larger than Cresset and seventeen years old. His hands and feet seemed to have outgrown the rest of him. When for the second time Lydia glanced up and caught him looking at her in that helpless and dumbly guilty way, he turned red and gave so mighty a jerk on the lever that he nearly wrenched the press from the floor.

The room was shedlike, without ceiling or plaster. Its bare ribs of two-by-four pine scantling were new as when they came from the mill, and in the unpainted floor of smooth boards the heads of the nails shone fresh and sharp as new-minted coins. Everything in Blue Ridge was that new. The main street was hardly more than a dusty wagon track over the prairie grass. The half-dozen store buildings either shone with spotlessly clean boards and shingles or glistened and smelled with new paint. The ties, rails and spikes of the railroad track looked too new to be used. From the clean plank platform of the little station one could look across the floor of green prairie and see the construction gang, with its smoking engine, cars and derrick, laying the ties and rails, and the long, diminishing line of clay grading, brand-new and straight as a ruler, running on across the level, untouched land toward the Rocky Mountains. The great floor of prairie swelled gently up to Blue Ridge. The view was unbroken for many miles. There were no trees—only the vast reach of green land with a great high blue sky above it. And this landscape, too, seemed new, as though it had just been made and the improvements had not yet been put in. The new boards and shingles of Blue Ridge seemed proper to it. All gave an effect of freshness, of a place untouched and unmarred, where everything might be hoped for.

Every one in Blue Ridge responded to this exhilarating effect of freely offered, untrammeled opportunity.

And the town was growing almost miraculously. The handful of first settlers—now two months old in that dignity—had fully prepared themselves to be astonished in this respect; but the astonishment outran their preparation. The first number of the Eagle counted up fourteen separate business enterprises already either actually established or practically assured, beginning with P. A. Trimble's mammoth elevator and corncrib and J. F. Hensen's spacious, well-stocked general store, and ending with D. J. Duffy, an able blacksmith and wheelwright, who was looking for a location, a shop and some tools.

Well toward the head of the list appeared "James E. Tyce, attorney and counselor-at-law, who has already taken up quarters at the Blue Ridge House, and whose shingle will soon be flung to the breeze from the new offices in the Hensen Block." The Hensen Block was the only two-story building so far.

The shingle was flung to the breeze early in the Eagle's second week. Tyce contemplated it from his comfortable wooden chair under the board awning of the Blue Ridge House across the street. In spite of Blue Ridge's astonishing growth there was not much to do as yet but sit around and wait for some business to turn up.

The lawyer was forty-five, angular, with a face that looked concave from the prominent brow above and the projection of stiff black whiskers below. His eye was watery. He wore a presentable long frock coat, well brushed, a clean standing collar and starched shirt, and a black slouch hat. He had done nothing in particular for a week save take his meals regularly at the one long pine table in the unplastered dining-room of the Blue Ridge House. But he had at once become a leading citizen—perhaps the leading citizen.

He looked up at the sign which swung from an arm that projected from the window-casing in the second-story, and he commented to himself: "If I were really as bright as some people think me, now, I suppose I'd go up and hang myself there instead of a shingle—'Our able fellow-citizen, James E. Tyce, Esquire, flung himself to the breeze in front of the Hensen Block at ten o'clock last Tuesday. Mr. Tyce had a fine mind and a long figure that looked well hanging'—if I could get the editor to put it in that way I guess I'd do it."

Nevertheless, James E. Tyce, Esquire, was sensible of the fine brand-newness. The mellow, flattering June day over that great open world of prairie could not have been improved. He had even been genuinely interested in the tremendous news that Blue Ridge was to have a bank at once. Everything came at once if it came at all. On Monday a carload of brick arrived at Blue Ridge. That in itself was sensational, and immediately every one knew that when Sam Sutton, of Tremont, bought the lot next the post-office two weeks before it had really been to put a bank on it. But the secret had been kept lest somebody else should rush in ahead.

Two wagon-loads of brick had already been hauled past the Blue Ridge House that morning. A trench two feet deep outlining a parallelogram forty feet long and eighteen wide had been dug in the Sutton lot. The bricklayer, imported like the brick from Tremont, had mixed his box of mortar. Where the principal occupation was watching the town grow these vigorous indications that Blue Ridge was to have a bank, and a brick bank, out of hand, overcame all other interests. A group of men stood on the rank, trodden and dusty grass where the sidewalk would be and watched with deep interest while the mason leveled the bottom of the trench and settled a plank into place—this being the only foundation needed. Sutton was there, a fat, youngish man with stubbly whiskers, who looked as though a bath would do him good. Beside him stood a new figure—Hynes, who was to be junior partner in the bank, a tall man with a thick yellow beard. Trimble, Hensen, Duffy and other leading citizens were there. Lafe had come out of his "place" in his white bar-keeper's apron, and looked on with good-humored approval.

LYDIA CRESSET AND BOB TERHUNE

Across the road Bob Terhune stared from the window of the Eagle office in his inky apron, a "stick" in which he had been putting type with slow, infinite pains still in his awkward hand. Miss Lydia, a "stick" in her hand, pressed against him and peered over his shoulder, so that his heart pumped in the base of his throat with a kind of painful ecstasy and his hand trembled.

"Oh, they're going to lay the corner-stone! I'm going over," said Miss Lydia excitedly. She put down the "stick" and tore off the paper cuffs, still looking out of the window. "There comes Mr. Tyce. Maybe he'll make a speech," she cried with a new flutter, and ran out bareheaded.

Tyce, moving leisurely up the street, saw Miss Lydia coming across the road, and stopped. His tall, angular figure drew itself up in a martial way. He lifted his black slouch hat and made her a bow which—as Miss Lydia was rather acutely aware—could not have been matched elsewhere in Blue Ridge. She stepped beside him with a little, well-preserved, maidenly laugh of self-consciousness, and they walked to the bank together. The workman, in his linty clothes, held a brick in one hand, a trowel in the other.

Trimble spoke up. "Say, this here's a sort o' Fourth of July. We oughtar have a speech by rights." He looked at Tyce, a-grin.

"Sure! A speech," said Hensen.

"That's right! A speech!" said Duffy.

"Well, gentlemen, if you elect me orator of the day on such short notice," said Tyce. He stepped down beside the workman, took off his hat gravely and faced the knot of loafing men amid their few dots of brand-new pine houses on the great floor of green new prairie.

"On another memorable occasion another orator imagined a child lifting a corner of the curtain and peeping at the glorious future of America. But that orator never imagined so far as to behold the foundation of a great institution of finance on the trackless brim of the American desert. We stand at the joint between the old and the new, at the surf-line, as you may say. While with one hand we inherit the virgin soil from the shiftless Indian and the migratory buffalo, with the other we inherit all that civilized man has accomplished. We bring commerce, education, all the arts and graces"—here he turned his grave, oratorical face to Duffy, who had stopped chewing his tobacco in admiration and was absently scratching his ankle with the toe of his wrinkled cowhide boot—"all the arts and graces to plant them in a new soil, as we plant this brick." He lowered his voice to a more conversational tone. "The soil is rich, gentlemen. We can make this seed-brick grow like a Jonah's gourd into stores, warehouses, offices, long streets of prosperous business, by a husbandry of faith, works and good will."

"Well, by Jinks, that's all right, too!" Duffy exclaimed loudly, looking around at Trimble, who nodded approval.

Tyce had put on his hat, but he spoke up again. "It occurs to me that we need another hand. A woman dedicates the ship. I think a woman ought to lay the corner-stone—whether it's a brick or not."

Miss Lydia, the only woman present, blushed slightly with her little, well-preserved, maidenly laugh.

"Sure! Of course!" Everybody seconded the motion. Tyce took off his hat, reached up his hand gallantly and assisted Miss Lydia to skip, not too ungracefully, into the trench. Her gentle hand, guided by the rude hand of the good-natured workman, laid the brick in place.

When Tyce and Miss Lydia came up to the strip of trampled grass where the sidewalk should have been they paused a moment, talking. Tyce was aware that the better part of his late audience was stringing into Lafe's Place, some with a backward glance over the shoulder, and that Lafe, who stood holding open his hospitable door, was looking toward him expectantly. But he walked across the street to the Eagle office with Lydia Cresset, and loitered before the door a moment gallantly.

Bob Terhune had witnessed the ceremony from the window of the Eagle office, had seen Miss Lydia meet the lawyer, helped into the trench to lay the brick, helped out again; had seen the first loitering, the stroll

across the street. Tyce was the big man, the capable hero of the occasion. Miss Lydia kept looking up at him with her little self-conscious laugh.

Bob could scarcely see the boxes of type at which his big, stumbling fingers slowly picked. He had a miserable under-consciousness that he was setting half the letters wrong side up, instead of only a quarter, as usual. But he seemed unable to help that. He stumbled along with it, his aching heart as heavy as lead. He knew that Tyce ate at the table with her at the Blue Ridge House, anyway.

Meantime Tyce was strolling back to the hotel. "I suppose I'd better have taken the drinks while everybody was setting 'em up," he reflected. "Next time I want a drink and do take it I'll have to pay for it." He had twelve dollars to his name.

After the corner-stone things moved swimmingly. Editor Cresset was in a continual state of joyous excitement over the rumors of important additions to Blue Ridge's business. Most of the rumors turned out to be baseless, and the paper was not exactly paying as yet—that is, he was not getting enough real money out of it to pay the twelve or thirteen dollars a week that the white paper, printed on one side with "patent insides," cost him. He thought he could get an extension of the mortgage on the outfit, however, and altogether his prospect looked very hopeful.

The wall of the new bank was a foot above the ground, and Bob was looking over at it miserably, for Mr. Tyce had loitered in and was talking to Lydia. It was Saturday—always a sort of fair—and there were more than a dozen farm wagons in town.

Those in the Eagle office heard a pistol shot, a mortal scream, another pistol shot.

Men were running and shouting. There was the piercing wail of a woman's voice, yells and oaths. The little town seemed suddenly thrown into fury.

Miss Lydia began crying and wringing her hands and flung herself hysterically upon her father, who was about to rush out.

"No! No! You'll be killed! No! No! Oh, what is it? What is it?"

Tyce's angular form was drawn up straight. "Don't be afraid," he said tersely. "It's just a row!"

Bob, wide-eyed, a-tremble with excitement, ran to the door, "stick" in hand. He was confusedly uncertain what to do. He looked over his shoulder at Lydia, crying and clinging hysterically to her father, and up the street to the butcher's tiny shop, where the men were surging in. He heard shouts, parts of words, that piercing wail of a woman's voice.

The young Swede, Hensen's clerk, ran by with his store apron on, and as he ran by he explained wildly to Bob, "He is kill Hermann the butcher; now he be hang!"

When Bob, wide-eyed and confused, glanced over his shoulder at Lydia, he saw that Tyce was standing alone in the middle of the floor, listening to the sounds from without and gnawing at his beard as though he would eat it up. Amid his own turmoil Bob was subconsciously aware that an extraordinary excitement possessed the lawyer. When the boy's staring eyes met the eyes of the man there was an odd flame in them.

In barely three minutes the tumult quieted down. The men disappeared. All was still. And to three of those in the printing-office this sudden quiet and the disappearance of the men were as mystifying and vaguely full of terror as the tumult which had gone before. Lydia still clung to her father. Bob stared now into the street, now back into the shop. Tyce stood in the middle of the room, gnawing his beard, the hand at his side knotted into a fist.

A little later Bob saw Duffy and another man cutting across-lots back of the post-office. In a few minutes other men began to drift back into the street casually. In a very short time they knew what had happened.

"The crazy cowboy," a character who had appeared in town a week before, no one knew whence, and excited languid amusement by his antics and eccentricities, had gone into the butcher-shop and demanded a link of sausage. Good-natured little Hermann, in his thick German accent, suggested payment for other links. The other then said, "I am the king of kings," drew a six-shooter and fired twice.

When the men arrived the little butcher lay dead in his own shop. His wife was shrieking over him. The cowboy stood in the doorway with a smoking pistol in his hand.

The dead body and the wailing wife settled it very promptly. The cowboy was taken to the livery stable and hanged.

A horror descended upon Cresset—fresh from peaceful Marmion, Ohio—out of the fine, free, blue sky. He could scarcely believe it. Why, the man was clearly insane! Everybody in town knew he was crazy!

But there was another point of view. "Crazy!" said Duffy. "Well, suppose he was crazy! Little Hermann's just as dead, ain't he? Being crazy don't help the widow and orphans. We won't have things of that kind going on here."

"That's what I say," said Trimble. "We've got to make this here a law-abiding community, crazy or no crazy."

Tyce spoke casually to the editor about it. "Things of that kind happen in a new country and a new town, more or

"THAT WILL DO," HE SAID IN A DECISIVE WAY

less incidentally. I've been in a good many new towns in the West. The sense of an organized society doesn't penetrate them until they get older. Their fundamental feeling is all right. They hate murder so much and are so determined to discourage it, and they have so intimate a sense that they are the government, that the simple expedient of lynching the murderer comes into play almost of itself. I wouldn't take it too seriously. It's hard to run against the united sentiment of the community in which you live."

Bob Terhune heard Tyce say that, and judged him. It had come to the boy before that this man of new towns had known perfectly what was going on; that when he stood in the printing-office gnawing the point of his beard he knew that somebody had been shot and somebody else was going to be lynched; but he would not go out and try to interfere. Bob was still very miserable—acutely aware that he was only a clumsy boy who could give no better account of himself in the world than that he was trying laboriously to learn the printer's trade. Miss Lydia didn't care for him. He couldn't make a speech, he couldn't step out and command the attention of men and be the hero of a public occasion. It was natural that Miss Lydia should overlook him and turn with admiration to the mature, accomplished, commanding Tyce. But this man of whom she made her hero was not heroic at all. Bob was modest, but his mind lifted with the great thought that for Lydia's sake he would not have failed. He took a certain jealous comfort in this, although he looked at Miss Lydia's fluffy back hair more sadly than ever.

Then he overheard Mr. Cresset declare to her, "Tyce is a man of no moral principle!" And his heart quaked with hope.

He overheard this because the door in the back of the shop was open that morning when he was sweeping out. The shed which held the printing-office was divided in two parts—the office in front and two unceiled, unplastered bedrooms with a tiny hall between in the rear. Mr. Cresset and his daughter lodged there, taking their meals in the hotel.

Bob did not know what the debate between father and daughter was about; but he perceived that something had come over the little editor. Cresset was less alive to the all-important "locals"; he had an air of constrained excitement, and he sat at his bare pine table by the hour, writing, with frequent references to the Bible and Manual of American History, which contained the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. He wrote, erased, tore up the sheet and wrote it over, wearing his pencil down to the middle and burning the midnight oil. Miss Lydia herself set the copy, but Bob saw some of the proofs, and he gathered that the Eagle was going to take high ground; that its leading article was to be a reprobation of lynching and a sharp spur to the torpid moral sense of the community.

As Cresset wrote and re-wrote and consulted his reference books he grew stronger in the faith. He told Lydia, with a tremor of excitement and a blush for the boast, that he believed it was going to be a trumpet-blast.

Cresset's article occupied three double-leaded, ill-printed and misspelled columns on the front page of the Eagle. In the height of his fervor he wound up:

> It would be better, not only for Blue Ridge, for Blue County, for Western Nebraska and for the United States of America, but for these misguided individuals themselves, if the district attorney took due cognizance of their crime and prosecuted them to the full extent of the law therefor. If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out.

No trumpet-blast could have created a greater sensation in Blue Ridge. It is one thing to hang a man in an excess of righteous indignation and quite another to be loudly called upon to face formal prosecution for the inadvertence. Cresset was shunned on the street with cold looks the day after the Eagle appeared. He received grim scrawls from Mr. Trimble and Mr. Hensen ordering their advertisements taken out and their subscriptions discontinued. On Saturday, when the weekly traders drove in—many of whom had assisted in upholding law and order at the livery-stable the week before—an atmosphere of trouble pervaded the town.

In the afternoon Hensen's Swede boy met Bob Terhune on the sidewalk before the post-office.

"I tank better you not stay by d' print-office to-night," said the Swede boy, and put his tongue in his cheek with an insulting wink.

Lafe's place was doing a rushing business.

Mr. Cresset and Miss Lydia kept off the street. They did not go to the Blue Ridge House for supper, but nervously ate some sandwiches in the back part of the shanty. The printing-office was closed at three o'clock, and when the sun went down all was dark there, both in the office and in the two living-rooms at the rear. Bob sat behind the press, thinking. "He was mean; he did not risk himself for her before."

It was half-past ten when they lifted the latch of the front door and softly pressed against the lock. The bolt was shot, but in a moment the impact of three shoulders shattered the frail pine barrier, and they poured in, Duffy holding up a lantern. The ample light from the lantern disclosed the meagre printing outfit. Duffy put the lantern on the table and upset the printer's "case." Then they saw Bob Terhune, a great, lank, overgrown pup of a boy, in his inky apron, standing against the inner door, a stove poker in his bony, awkward hands and a flame in his blue eyes.

"You don't come in here!" he sang out.

Inanimate things—such as a poor little hand-press, a printer's case and a pine table—are unsatisfactory objects for regulatory wrath. So there was a rush forward for the flesh and blood.

Within a minute and a half one regulator was lopping uncertainly over the press, seeing stars in his daze; another was nursing a broken arm; a third was spitting out his teeth with blood and profanity; Bob Terhune lay on the floor, crimson billows reeling across his vision; and Duffy was holding by the barrel the Colt's revolver, the butt of which had just collided twice with Bob's skull.

Duffy was about to bring the butt of the revolver in action again, and Jim Johnson's hired man was in the act of stepping forward with a heavy boot heel uplifted, when James E. Tyce, Esquire, shouldered a way through the room.

Tyce was prompt. He bestrode Bob's prostrate body. There was a revolver in his hand.

"That will do," he said in a decisive way.

There was the air of an expert about the seedy lawyer: something which suggested the man who had been there before, who knew what to do and was capable of doing it.

(Continued on Page 19)

OUR AMERICAN SNOBS

In Which Mrs. Foxglove Secures a Beat for the Planet and Learns the True Inwardness of Her Nickel-Plush Friends

By JAMES L. FORD

FOR three months Mrs. Foxglove labored diligently and cheerfully as a member of the Planet's staff on a salary that left her a surplus for the payment of her debts—and let it be said that that was her first care—and the purchase of new clothes and many other articles for herself and her daughter.

Meantime, her face grew brighter, her form rounder and her step more springy, so that I comforted myself with the thought that the connection had proved of distinct benefit to her, although not in the way that I had intended. Indeed, so far from opening her eyes to the hollowness of the gods that she had been worshiping, her work as a fashion writer seemed only to draw her into closer affiliation with those members of the Nickel-Plush aristocracy whom she was called upon to exploit. Too well-bred to speak of her important friends in the presence of the vulgarians at Mrs. Catnip's table, she nevertheless told me that they had all been wonderfully kind to her, and none more so than the same Mrs. Fen Bertram who but a short time before had invited her out for a drive and then permitted her to walk home by herself in the rain.

"You've no idea how nice Mrs. 'Fen' has been to me," she cried artlessly. "She even insisted upon my bringing little Alice up to call on her, and she liked the child so much that she actually got up a little theatre party for her and invited some of the very nicest young people to meet her. Besides that, she had a photograph taken expressly for me, and when she found how much I liked it she said that although she never allowed her picture to appear in the newspapers she would let me use it in the Planet if it would do me any good. Of course I couldn't think of imposing on her in this way, so I just had it framed to hang up over my looking-glass. She even spoke to me two or three times about it and seemed annoyed that I didn't take advantage of her offer. That shows you what a good heart that woman has, even if she is fashionable."

It was not long after this that the old look of sadness and anxiety that I had come to know so well returned to the face of the little Southern widow. Her eyes began to lose their brightness, her step became heavy and tired. I learned that she was getting into debt again, and then Charley Bland told me, in reply to a confidential inquiry, that Mrs. Foxglove had proved something of a disappointment, owing to her unwillingness or inability to secure for the Sunday Planet society stories of the sort that were wanted. She had been dropped from the salary list and put on space, with a view to stimulating her to her very best efforts, or, as Mr. Bland gracefully put it, in order to "starve some good stories out of her." All this was, of course, very painful news to me.

Then there came the momentous day when young Kimball Shorthorn, a particular friend of Mrs. Fen Bertram's, made up his mind to open his Smart Set Delicatessen Shop, and Mrs. Catnip's boarding-house was shaken to its foundations at the tidings, as conveyed in the two columns of Planet space consumed by Mrs. Foxglove in chronicling that important event.

"Here's a pretty how-de-do!" cried Mrs. Taffeta; "I'd like to know what Mrs. 'Fen' Bertram will have to say, now that Kim's goin' to sell cheese across the counter. Mebbe she'll give him an order for to serve her with all her eggs an' butter. I'll bet Mrs. Vanastorbilt and her boy Joey'll feel pretty sick when they read their paper this mornin'. I'd give a farm to hev her come along an' see him with a white apron on to him, a-carryin' out a peck o' sweet potatoes to put into the grocery cart." (Mrs. Taffeta can be terribly sarcastic when occasion demands it.)

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Grinders, as usual agape with wonder, "you don't mean that he'll actually wear a long white apron and wait on the Four Hundred folks the same as if he was a clerk in a corner grocery?"

"I dunno," retorted the sardonic Mrs. Taffeta. "If he does, 'twon't be the first time there's been a white apron wore in his family."

"Well, I'm goin' right up there the first day he opens, jest so I can say I've bought something across the counter from a member of the Four Hundred," said the admirable and intelligent Mrs. Grinders with much eagerness; and I saw at once that young Shorthorn was in a fair way to build up a profitable and subservient trade.

Mrs. Taffeta was right in her statement about the white apron, for it was Kimball's father who laid the foundations of the great fortune that his widow and daughters dissipated in such a short time after his death. He began life as a butcher, and sold meat in a white apron until his business became so large that he relegated that part of it to his subordinates and devoted himself to his wholesale interests. He remained in "trade," however, until the very last, and I have always understood that he enjoyed the respect of his business associates for his probity, sober sense and other homely virtues. If he could have been told that the press of his native country—that tireless engine of benevolence, humanity and progress—was destined to become hysterical over the fact that the youngest and, as he always supposed, the most foolish of his sons, had opened a delicatessen store, he would have gone to his death with the firm belief that he was better out of a world that was most assuredly running mad.

Yes, Kimball Shorthorn was going into trade and our boarding-house was convulsed over that important circumstance. As to the members of the Four Hundred, Mrs. Foxglove declared, of course at the usual column rate, that they were "agog" over the young man's proposed enterprise, and that in the boxes at the opera, at the dinner-tables of the wealthy and great and in the boudoirs of the fairest and most charming women, it was the sole topic of conversation.

"Just think!" said Mrs. Foxglove when we met in the drawing-room; "it was I that caused all that excitement downstairs, with my special story about young Shorthorn. I do wish you'd read it over carefully and let me know what you think of it," she continued wistfully; "I haven't been very fortunate in the office lately and I was hoping that this exclusive story that I got for them would make them think rather better of me."

"I've just finished reading it," I replied, "for I knew it was yours and I was curious to see how you were getting on. You have certainly made great progress."

"You really think so!" she exclaimed delightedly. "Then there is some chance of my learning to write well, after all!"

"I didn't say anything about writing well, but that is unquestionably an excellent lying story of the kind that the Sunday Planet is always looking for. You've got about as much untruth crowded into that two columns——"

"Why, he *is* going to open a shop. The lease was signed yesterday. It isn't untrue at all."

"My dear Mrs. Foxglove," I said soothingly, for she had flared up according to her not uncommon habit, "it may be true that the young donkey is going to sell sausage and pickles, but of what consequence is that in comparison with the mendacity that pervades every other line that you've written? Now, please listen to me without getting excited. You say that the members of the Four Hundred are agog over the news and that New York society is shaken to its foundations. Have you seen or heard of any one who has betrayed the slightest emotion at the tidings except that silly Grinders woman? And she takes leave of her few wits every time there's a wedding in Grace Church. You say, moreover, that the question asked everywhere is 'What will the Vanastorbilts say?' Did you ever hear any one ask such an idiotic question as that? If you did, the right answer is that the Vanastorbilts won't say anything at all. Then you convey the idea that the best society in New York looks with contempt upon any man who is in trade, whereas you know perfectly well that there is scarcely a family of any position whatever in this country that does not owe its wealth to trade. Can you name a single multi-millionaire who is not or has not been directly interested in some great commercial undertaking? One is in the oil trade; another carries freight and passengers about the country for a scheduled rate of compensation; a third makes shrewd real estate investments and has mastered the trade of building and renting houses and doing as little as possible in the way of repairs, while a fourth owes his fortune to the trade of politics which he has made remunerative. I can assure you that if a guest at the gold-laden table of the Vanastorbilts were to speak of commerce and those who follow it in the same contemptuous, sneering tone that you assume in the Sunday Planet, he would not be asked to stretch his legs under that mahogany again because of the grievousness of his offense."

"Well, that's the way they wanted it written and I had to do it," she said apologetically, and then added: "You see, the idea in the society page is to follow the English model and to assume that our society is like that of England——"

"And so, of course, your society column takes its style from the servants' hall just as the imitation Englishman takes his from those unspeakable cads who are permitted to sow the seeds of vulgarity in our clubs and drawing-rooms on the strength of some vague rumor, usually set afloat by themselves, that they are 'well connected'! How much prejudice against trade do you imagine exists among noblemen who are almost entirely given over to money-making, even to the extent of selling the game shot by their own guests? I can tell you that there is more of this sort of prejudice in the Duchess' novels than in the House of Lords. As for caste, it is making its last stand in the servants' halls, where the valet of the city magnate—no matter what his master's wealth—cuts a very poor figure indeed in comparison with the Duke's own gentleman and her ladyship's confidential maid. However, you have written an excellent Planet story and one that will certainly advance you materially in the esteem of Mr. Barshfield and his chief lieutenants."

"I'm sure I hope it will," she replied sadly, and then added with a deep sigh, "somehow everything that I do nowadays seems to turn out badly. Here I'm in a peck of trouble about Alice. I told you how nice Mrs. Bertram had been to her and how she'd introduced her to a number of her daughter's little friends? Well, just because she fancied that they were not nice to her she has refused to go to see them any more. That's the result of trying to have her grow up with a nice set of young people of the very best social position, who will be useful to her in after life. I hope to see Alice married before I die and in a few years these boys will be old enough to beau her round."

"Good Heavens!" I broke out, "you've already told me of the treatment your daughter has received at the hands of mere boys of twelve and fifteen at the Nickel-Plush Dancing Academy! Don't you know that fully ninety per cent. of the young men whom you look upon as such desirable associates for your daughter are simply those same dancing-school boys grown to a sort of premature manhood and raised to the nth power of snobbishness, heartless selfishness and complete worthlessness?"

"I don't see why you say such dreadful things of young men just because they're in society," whimpered Mrs. Foxglove.

"I don't say dreadful things because these young men are in society, but because I'm speaking the truth, and if you don't believe me, you have only to ask any one who really knows the town whether there is to be found on the surface of the earth a more thoroughly undesirable swarm of young men than those who make up the Park Row garbage heap known as 'among those present.' In my very young days, when New York's leisure class was much smaller than it is now and dancing men of presentable appearance far scarcer, there was a sexton named Brown who supplied society with all sorts of useful commodities, including male guests. These latter, who were known as 'Brown's young men,' were a band of agile youths who were willing to dance for hours at a stretch and with abundant vigor and grace, no matter what partners were selected for them. For their services they claimed no reward save the supper—they were famous trenchermen, these young men of Brown's—and the pleasure of being 'in society.' Few of them were to the manner born—if it be anything to be born to the manner of those who look to a sexton for their guests—but Brown was responsible for them and seldom indeed did one hear of misbehavior on the part of his brigade of dancing young men. Most of them followed humble callings when not engaged in their professionally social duties, toiling cheerfully in the marts of the retail trade by day and chasing the flying hours of night with nimble feet. They were infinitely superior in character, infinitely more desirable as husbands than the swarm of cheap dudes who go to make up the 'also-rans' of Nickel-Plush society. These bear about the same relation to the old Brown's brigade that the poorest class of uncared-for free negroes do to the well-kept, well-treated slaves that could have been found on scores of Kentucky and Virginia farms in the ante-bellum days."

Two days later I was suddenly called away to a distant part of the country, and for six weeks heard nothing of Mrs. Foxglove and did not see even a single copy of the Planet. During this time I began no less than four letters to the young widow, but tore each one of them up because I found it impossible, owing to certain new and indefinable feelings, to express myself satisfactorily. On my return to New York my first inquiry was of Mrs. Foxglove.

"She's not with us any more," said Mrs. Catnip, and I knew at once that something had gone wrong.

"Not here any more!" I exclaimed. "Why, what's the matter? I do hope nothing serious has happened," and I followed Mrs. Catnip into her own little sitting-room and closed the door behind me. And thus encouraged, my excellent landlady told me of what had happened during my absence.

"Of course," said Mrs. Catnip, who is a plain-spoken woman of great common-sense, "you only meant what was right when you got her that job on the Planet, and Heaven knows the poor thing needed a regular income about that time, for she was way in debt to me, to say nothing of owing money to dressmakers and shoemakers and what not for her

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of Mr. Ford's papers on Our American Snobs. The eighth and last will appear in an early number.

clothes and Alice's, and right on top of it all she must send the child to that highfalutin Nickel-Plush Dancin' Academy, where the poor little thing was that set upon that her life was made miserable, and her mother had to take her out when all the lessons were paid for in advance.

"Well, as I was sayin', you meant only right by her when you got her that job, and for a time she certainly did well there an' made good wages an' got 'em regular. An' this I will say for her, if I was took out o' the world to-morrow, that whatever she got of a Monday, which is the regular pay day there, she brought straight to me till every penny she owed me was settled. Oh, she's an honorable woman as ever was, an' that's the reason I didn't want her to go away. 'Mrs. Foxglove,' says I, 'just stay with me till you get on your feet again an' then when you have money comin' in regular you can settle up the back account.' But no, she said she'd go to a cheaper place rather than owe money to me again

"But did she lose her position on the Planet?" I exclaimed

"Yes, sir, she lost it a couple of weeks after you left, and it come about in this way: You know the Planet's great for publishing all sorts of society scandals and they kind o' looked to her—knowing that she was associating with the gilt-edged set—to get hold of anything that was happening and fetch it down to the office. Meantime she'd been took up by that Mrs. Bertram and that Codliver critter that Mrs. Taffeta and Mrs. Grinders is always talkin' about, an' she got the idea into her head that the photographs they give her an' the stories they told her about this one an' that were just for her own private benefit and not to be put in the paper. I knew better, of course, but I couldn't make her see it. 'For the land's sake,' I said to her a dozen times over, right here in this room where we're a-settin' now, 'for the land's sake,' says I, 'what do you suppose they tell you those stories for except to print in the paper? Do they give you photographs that cost five dollars apiece just to put on your dressing-table?' But 'twa'n't no use talkin' to her. She wouldn't have it. So things went on till finally she come in here one night looking fearful worried an' told me they'd sent her up to find out what she could about the trouble between that Grimshawe and his wife, an' it seems she'd known all about it for a week. She got it straight from Mrs. Bertram, who come down here post haste in her carriage one afternoon an' took her out to drive, an' I knew when I see her settin' outside waitin' for her that she had some kind of an ax to grind. A woman with as hard a face as that Bertram woman has got don't go round askin' poor little widows out to drive unless she can make something out of them. Anyway, as soon as she got her in the carriage she commenced an' told her the whole story from beginnin' to end, an' how Mrs. Codliver's brother Tom was into it in some way an' had had to go way off to South America so's not to have papers served on to him. 'Well,' says I, when she'd finished tellin about it, 'that woman told you that story because she wanted it printed, an' the best thing you can do is to go right down there an' tell 'em everything you know. It's the Planet folks that pays you your wages, an' it's precious little you'd get out of the Codlivers or Mrs. Bertram or any of the rest of those high flyers if you was to lose your position.' Oh, she couldn't believe that Mrs. Bertram ever thought of such a thing as havin' the story put into the papers when she told it to her. Anyway, she thought more of her friendship an' of trainin' with her than she did of her job on the newspaper.

"The next day the Megaphone come out with the whole thing printed an' the Lord knows how many pictures of everybody that there was into it. You'll hear about it when you come to the dinner-table to-night, for Mrs. Grinders ain't got done talkin' about it yet, though it's nigh on to a month ago. Well, there was a pretty how-to-do down in the office when they found the Megaphone had got the article, and the worst of it was that it came through Mrs. Bertram herself, and she had the impudence to say afterward that she gave it to Mrs. Foxglove first only she didn't seem to have enough pull to get it into the Planet. You'd better believe that Planet editor was mad clean through, an' he up an' fired Mrs. Foxglove as quick as 'scat

"Up she goes to Mrs. Bertram, an' what do you think she says to her? She tells her right out that she was a fool not to use the story when she had it, an' asks her why it was she never printed her photograph in the society page when she took the trouble to go an' get one made especially for her? Then Mrs. Foxglove told her she'd lost her job an' she's never set eyes on her since. She's called on her two or three times an' written to her, but she hain't never answered and she's always 'out.' Mrs. Codliver's the same way, an' the dressmaker they introduced her to an' that she thought was givin' her clothes for nothin' is hollerin' for her money. There's your Four Hundred, an' thank God there's no more of 'em!"

"And where is Mrs. Foxglove now?" I asked.

"Here's her address," said Mrs. Catnip, "though mebbe I oughtn't to give it, for she told me she didn't want anybody to know where she was."

"Not even her most intimate friends?" I inquired searchingly.

"No; not even the tall Southern party. She had a fallin' out with him right after you left. He's a business man, you know, and as fine a gentleman as ever come into this house, an' she wrote an article—a foolish sort of a thing it was, too—sayin' as how folks that were in trade was looked down upon by the Four Hundred, an' when he read it he got awful mad—mebbe he thought it was a hit at him, though she never intended it that way. However, they had some words, an' when he went away he slammed the door so's the whole house shook. An' when she come out of her room two hours afterward her eyes were red and her cheeks pale. He come here once lookin' for her address, but I was out an' the servant couldn't give it to him. I hope he'll find her, though, an' it's my bounden duty to tell you, sir, that one of you two gentlemen ought to step up and talk turkey to that poor little widow after all the attentions you've been payin' her—the both of you—for that Southern party's just as much to blame as you. She's as fine a little lady as ever I knew—a fact that you're well aware of, as all the boarders can testify—and she'll make a grand wife for either one of you. That's right! Get up an' run the minute there's anything said about doin' your duty by yourself an' the human race! I declare, if that ain't just like a man."

I reached my room in a dazed condition, dropped into a chair and tried to wonder why it was that Mrs. Catnip's words had stirred me so deeply

Just at dusk that evening I set forth from Mrs. Catnip's, a not unattractive figure, I flatter myself, clad in evening dress, with a light overcoat on my arm and a crush hat set at rather a rakish angle on my head. As I walked slowly down the rather shabby street in which Mrs. Foxglove lived, I heard more than one exclamation of surprise from the clusters of boarders who were enjoying the mild summer air on the front stoops. I had not gone far before I saw the familiar figure of the tall Southerner cross the street about a hundred feet in front of me and walk quickly up the boarder-encumbered steps of the house toward which I was rather diffidently making my way. For a single moment I paused and with trembling hands sought the support of the iron fence rail. With a supreme effort I marched on, looking neither to the right nor to the left until I reached the boarding-house in which the Southern widow lived. Then I turned my face and saw Loudon Buchanan sitting at the open window of the front drawing-room fanning himself with his Panama hat and waiting, just as I had seen him waiting on the principal sofa in Mrs. Catnip's front parlor.

The Watermelon-Way

By Frank L. Stanton

I bet you, *I bet you*, I'll be
  Comin' ter de scratch
W'en I sees de melon peepin'
  Thoo' de fence rail, in de patch!
W'en he gettin' fat en roun'
  En des *kiverin'* de groun',
En you thump him, en he answer
  Dat he red, en ripe, en soun'!

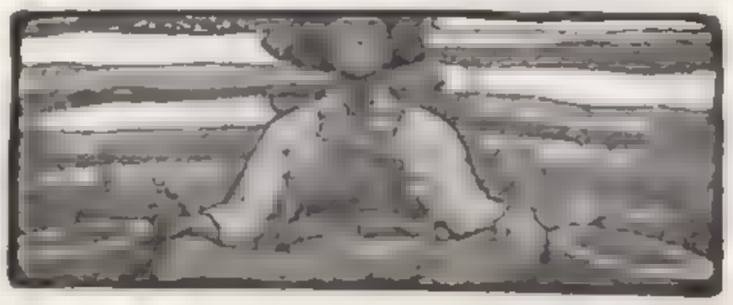
Den you'll fin' me any day
  Whar de watermelon stay,
Fer dey ain't no way so pleasant
  Ez de watermelon-way!

Ter think dat all de springtime,
  W'en it chill ez chill kin be,
He been sleepin' dar en dreamin'
  All his juicy dreams fer me!
Dat de Sun dar, overhead,
  Fin' de place he make his bed,
En streak his sides wid white and green,
  En turn his heart ter red!

Oh, you'll fin' me any day
  Whar de watermelon stay,
Ez happy ez a Hoppergrass
  A-hoppin' 'cross de hay!

En I'll hunt a cool fence co'ner—
  Whar dey dunno whar I at,
One-half er him dis side er me,
  En t'other half on dat!
En no roses er de South,
  In de dew or in de drouth,
Will be sweet ez dat dar honey
  Des a-meltin' in my mouth!

Den will come de holiday
  I been longin' fer sence May,
Fer de sweetes' way ter travel
  Is de watermelon-way!



"I bet you," he began, "that you're well aware of, as all the boarders can testify—and she'll make a grand wife for either one of you. That's right! Get up an' run the minute there's anything said about doin' your duty by yourself an' the human race! I declare, if that ain't just like a man."

I reached my room in a dazed condition, dropped into a chair and tried to wonder why it was that Mrs. Catnip's words had stirred me so deeply

Just at dusk that evening I set forth from Mrs. Catnip's, a not unattractive figure, I flatter myself, clad in evening dress, with a light overcoat on my arm and a crush hat set at rather a rakish angle on my head. As I walked slowly down the rather shabby street in which Mrs. Foxglove lived, I heard more than one exclamation of surprise from the clusters of boarders who were enjoying the mild summer air on the front stoops. I had not gone far before I saw the familiar figure of the tall Southerner cross the street about a hundred feet in front of me and walk quickly up the boarder-encumbered steps of the house toward which I was rather diffidently making my way. For a single moment I paused and with trembling hands sought the support of the iron fence rail. With a supreme effort I marched on, looking neither to the right nor to the left until I reached the boarding-house in which the Southern widow lived. Then I turned my face and saw Loudon Buchanan sitting at the open window of the front drawing-room fanning himself with his Panama hat and waiting, just as I had seen him waiting on the principal sofa in Mrs. Catnip's front parlor.

Promotion Pointers

By M. Martin Kallman

ANDREW CARNEGIE, J. T. Harahan, Harlow N. Higinbotham and other men of large affairs have put strong emphasis on this one thing: The young man who is afraid to know something and to do something outside his own special work or department stands a poor chance of winning promotion

This is one of the soundest and most usable of all "pointers" offered by men of great achievement to those who are struggling for success

Do I hear you exclaim:

"Oh, that's all right when you get up to a position of some little responsibility, but it won't work down among the five and eight dollar a week employees!

Only a few months ago I was called professionally to serve an establishment doing an immense retail business of the department store order. When the shoe section was reached my attention was immediately attracted by the boyish face of the assistant superintendent.

"How did you come to pick so young a lad for this place?" I asked the manager of the establishment.

"Because he made us select him," was the reply. "He's only eighteen years old now and looks young for his age. When he came to us we gave him the position of door-boy. The place paid him only five dollars a week, but we told him something better might open up later if he made himself generally agreeable. He took the place cheerfully. Apparently there wasn't much chance for a display of business talent in tending a door through which hundreds of hurried patrons pass each day. But the boy was uniformly polite and attentive.

"One day he encountered a disgruntled customer who had brought back a pair of shoes. He was 'sore,' and wished to register his kick as soon as he entered the door. Naturally, the door-boy was the first employee he encountered and he told his woes to the lad. The boy was all attention, asked him questions, expressed regret for the mistake that had been made, and said: 'I'll get another boy to watch the door for a few minutes while I go with you to the shoe department and see that this matter is straightened out.' When they reached the shoe section the clerks were all busy. Perhaps they saw that the lad had a 'kicker' in tow. Anyhow, they were all engaged. But this didn't phase the boy. He went straight ahead and waited upon the man as effectively as if trained in the shoe business. The customer went away highly pleased and the boy returned to his work.

"I happened to miss the boy from the door, when he was upstairs, made inquiries and observations and learned just what he had done. That was enough for me; I knew that a boy who would go out of his way to do a thing of that kind and who could see it through as nicely as that boy did would make a good second man in the shoe department. And besides, I wanted to give the other employees an object-lesson of the principle that the one who isn't afraid to see a point and do a turn for the good of the house outside the narrow limits of his own particular job is bound to get pushed ahead."

Despotism and Democracy

A Study in Washington Society and Politics

Copyright, 1903, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright in Great Britain

CHAPTER IX—(Concluded)

CRANE was perfectly silent. He did not speak a word from the time they left Senator Bicknell's house until they reached home. Annette said nothing to him. The conviction was deepening in her mind that her husband had secretly behaved ill to Senator Bicknell. Crane had revealed unconsciously that night many things which Senator Bicknell had not understood, but which Annette understood only too well. The slight agitation and discomposure which Crane had shown was not the mere shock of a grateful surprise. Annette detected that every word Crane had uttered to Senator Bicknell was false, that his apparent acceptance of the offer was false. The money was much, much to her; the loss of it, after it had been held up to her gaze, would be much; but the loss of Crane's integrity—ah, could that but be preserved she would go out and dig for him and for her children! She would slave, she would starve, she would do anything that any woman ever did that she might feel her children were the children of an honest man. She remembered there was such a thing as heredity, and she trembled at the thought that if Crane were really a scoundrel, as Senator Bicknell had said Governor Sanders was, her little black-eyed Roger might be a scoundrel, too, before he died. These thoughts, surging through her mind, kept her silent.

Crane felt her silence to be ominous as she felt his to be As he sat dumb, by her side, his agitation increased instead of diminished. On what possible ground could he excuse to Annette, as well as to Senator Bicknell, his declination of such an offer? But he could not accept it—he was not yet a thorough villain. Had he been a free agent he would have preferred the splendid vista of power and preferment opened to him by his deal with Sanders to more money even than what was offered him—but he was not a free agent. He had promised Sanders, and if his nerve failed him he would be ruined by Sanders politically and perhaps personally as well. True, Sanders did not have a line of his writing—such agreements as theirs are not put on paper—nor had he, so far, borrowed a dollar from Sanders, although he expected to do so the first of the year, when his notes fell due.

While he was pondering these thoughts he found himself before the door of the great caravansary where they lived, and presently he was sitting in their little drawing-room, alone at last, and face to face with the strange circumstances which had befallen him. He sat in a great armchair, drawn up to the embers of the fire. On the table at his elbow a light was burning. He heard Annette go into the children's room and remain five minutes—she always said a little prayer above their cribs every night before she slept—then she went into her own room

She turned on the light by her dressing-table and sat down to take off her few simple ornaments and the ribbon bow in her hair. The face that met her gaze in the mirror looked so strange that it frightened her. Yes, like Crane himself, she had been surprised at her own self-control, but she knew as well as she knew she was alive that Crane in some way had betrayed Senator Bicknell—the man who, after honestly admitting that Crane could serve him, was yet animated by a sincere wish to benefit Crane, and who had given him his first political start in life, and had treated him with unvarying kindness ever since.

The more she thought over what had happened that evening the more acute became her fear and her pain. She stopped in her employment, and leaning upon her arms sat motionless for a long time. Suddenly the distant chiming of a clock told her it was midnight. She roused herself and then, following an influence stronger than herself, went into the next room where Crane had been going through his agony alone. As she approached him he raised a pale and [illegible] face to hers, but it was quite calm. He had fought the battle out.

"Yes," he said, as if continuing aloud a consecutive train of thought, "I should be very grateful to you. I *am* grateful to you. No doubt Senator Bicknell was influenced very much in what he did by the admiration and respect he has for you. But it only makes it the harder for me."

"There should be no question of gratitude between you and me," replied Annette, coming closer to him.

"There is much—much. I have not realized until within the last few months how much I really owe you—but why do I say months? I might say the last few hours, the last few minutes; and I have also realized how much more I might have owed you, for I am beginning to think that few women are as well adapted as you are for the wife of a man like me. Not all women would have borne with poverty and seclusion as you have done."

A deep blush suffused Annette's face. The poverty and seclusion had been in a way forced upon her by him, but being a woman of invincible discretion she did not put her resentment into sarcastic words, or words at all. She stood by him silently, and seeing that Crane was striving to speak, awaited his words gently, laying her free hand on his shoulder.

At last it came—a full confession, made in broken words and phrases, but of which Annette understood every word

"I could have stood anything but his kindness," said Crane with a pale face of woe. "That unnerved me completely. I made up my mind I could not accept the money—and then it occurred to me that you had a right to be consulted, and immediately I felt a conviction as loud as a clap of thunder, as penetrating as lightning, that you would never in the world let me accept that money. Ah, Annette, what a thing it is to have an upright wife! To feel that however weak and wavering a man may be, that half of his soul, of his heart, of his possessions, the half owner of his children, stands like a rock for truth and honesty! Thorndyke was saying something to me the other day about a man being upright instead of being made to be upright. I tell you, there are many men who can be made good or bad—and I am one of them—by their wives. Many a poor wretch to-day is a rascal who might have led an honest and respected life if only he had had a high-minded wife—like you. It is you who have saved me, and what a miserable return have I made you for all you have done for me!"

"What you have just said repays me for all, because you know I have always loved you—better than you cared to know, or than I cared to show during the last few years"

Crane rose and opened his arms to her. It was the sweetest moment of their lives. Shameful and dishonorable as Crane's course had been, here was one person who loved him, believed in him, and oh, wonder of love and faith! still honored and trusted him

After their first rapture of love and forgiveness, action occurred to Annette's practical mind.

"Well, then," she said, as if a course of conduct had at once been revealed to her, "you must at once withdraw from your agreement with Governor Sanders. Of course, he will do everything he can to defeat you——"

"And he will."

"And we shall have to go back to Circleville and begin life over again, but I am sure you can do well at your profession—and remember, there is as much chance for an ambitious man in law as in politics."

"Yes—but you can't imagine how the life gets hold of one. It seems like death to me to leave Congress—and when I was steadily rising, too—and to be driven out ignominiously by a creature like Sanders! But I must do it—you would not let me do otherwise."

Yes, I would not let you do otherwise. Then you must go to Senator Bicknell and tell him all."

"Do you think I should? Do you think I *could?*"

"Oh, yes. He must know it some time; he must know why you decline this scheme he has arranged to benefit you. You must go to him early to-morrow morning"

Crane looked at his watch

"It is half-past twelve—he always sits up until two or three o'clock in the morning."

"Then go now."

"He will think my repentance a mere emotion; he will believe that my character was shown in my agreement with Sanders"

"No matter"

"Yes, no matter."

Annette gave him his coat and hat and gloves. He turned to kiss her, and instinctively he removed his hat with a respect that approached reverence. This pretty pebble which he had so lightly regarded had proved to be a jewel of great price.

Two hours later Crane reentered the house and went softly to his own rooms. As he noiselessly opened the door of the drawing-room he saw that Annette had fallen asleep in the great chair in which she had found him. She had thrown a fur cape around her bare neck and arms, but it had slipped partly away, leaving her white throat exposed. There were traces of tears upon her cheeks, but her face, though mournful, was placid—and how young she looked! It seemed impossible that she should be the mother of two children as old as Roger and Elizabeth

As Crane approached her quietly she stirred, opened her eyes and sat up, in full possession of her wits. Crane drew a chair up and took both her hands in his.

"I haven't felt so at ease in my mind since the day, last summer, that I first met Governor Sanders. I have repented and confessed."

[illegible] Annette in a clear voice.

"I found Senator Bicknell just where I had left him in his den. I told him the whole story: how I had yielded, because I was poor and ambitious, where a better man would have resisted. I told him there was no fear of my falling away this time—that you would not let me—and if I had kept you with me and had taken you more into my confidence I believe I should never have entered into this damnable bargain with Sanders. The Senator was staggered at first I don't believe the slightest idea of my being disloyal to him had entered his head, but as soon as he recovered from the first shock he behaved nobly. I told him that I had not written a line to Sanders, that he had not loaned me a penny—a though I had expected to call upon him the first of January. Then Senator Bicknell said:

'So you have not committed any overt act against me?'

'No,' I said, 'but chiefly because the time was not ripe.'

'You have, so far, only *agreed* to betray me?'

"I said yes—but that was crime enough. He reflected a while, and then he held out his hand and said

"'Let bygones be bygones. Sanders will make you pay for this, and that will be punishment enough. But I am ready and willing to believe that, no matter how much you might have agreed to knife me, when the time came you wouldn't have done it. At the first moment we meet in private, at the first hint of kindness on my part, your resolution to do me wrong melts away. That must count'

"'And something else,' I said. 'Of course, I can't accept the benefit you thought to confer on me. That would invalidate all'

"'What does your wife say to this?' he said 'You remember the offer was made in her presence. Or does she know that you wish to refuse it?'

"'My wife would not let me take it if I wished to,' I replied. 'She is a much more high-minded person than I am or ever can be.'

'She must indeed be high-minded,' he said, 'and you are right in saying that to accept it would invalidate everything. I am of the opinion that your wife has seen clearly in this instance. But'—here he took a turn or two up and down the floor—'I don't think it would invalidate my promoting your candidacy before the Legislature in January. It seems to me now to be the best thing for both of us. The fight with Sanders has got to come—and the sooner the better, so that the field can be cleared for my own fight a year and a half from now. Yes, it is decidedly best. You may recall I indicated last spring that I should support your Senatorial aspirations in certain contingencies. These contingencies have come to pass. I doubt if we can save the State to the party without joining forces now.'

"Then I told him that I owed money, and could hardly support the position of a Senator here with the salary, less what I was obliged to pay in interest.

"'Nonsense,' he said; 'turn your salary over to your wife She is a woman of uncommonly sound sense—a good manager—that I saw in her house. Of course you can't go into society on less than your salary, but you can live comfortably and respectably. And let me tell you, this town is full of big houses which caused the Senators who built them to lose their elections. It doesn't hurt a man with his constituents in the least to live simply. Some of the gentlemen from the rural districts have complained bitterly of this little place——'

"And then, after more talk, everything was settled. I wasn't to write to Sanders, of course, but to go and see him. Sanders wouldn't dare to proclaim what we agreed to do, but he will fight me with every weapon at his command, I shouldn't much care how things went—that is, so I feel now—except for Senator Bicknell, but every blow at Sanders helps the Senator, and I shall fight for him as long as breath warms my body. When we parted I was much overcome, and I think Senator Bicknell was, too. Coming home, it occurred to me how well you had managed on the pittance I allowed you at Circleville."

"It was not much, but it could hardly be called a pittance," replied Annette, smiling through her tears—for the stress of emotion under which she had suffered had found its natural vent at last and she was weeping a little. But they were happy tears; Crane had reached the turn in life when it was to be determined whether God or the devil should be his master, and he had turned his back on Satan. He took his wife in his arms and kissed her tenderly and reverently No one knew better then than he the moral beauty, the power to charm, to sustain, to lead forward, of the woman he had not thought worthy to stand by him in Washington

The next morning early Crane started West. He had his fateful interview with Sanders and returned within a week Sanders' words had been few, but full of meaning

"All right," he said. "I don't take any stock in this awakening of conscience business. You think Bicknell can serve you better than I can. Very well. We shall see."

Suddenly, and apparently without volition, Crane's right arm shot out, and his open palm struck Sanders' cheek. The Governor, as quick as thought, hit back. He was a brute, but not a coward. Then both men came to their senses, and hating each other worse than ever, each was ashamed of his violence.

The Governor was the first to speak.

"I don't care to engage in a fist fight with you. We can settle all our quarrels when the Legislature meets. You will need all your courage then."

When Crane returned to Washington he went straight to Senator Bicknell and told him all.

"All right," replied the Senator, as Governor Sanders had said, "this is my fight now." And straightway the Senator took train for the State capital to pull off his coat and do yeoman's work for Crane, and incidentally for himself.

The month of December was bright and beautiful all the way through and the sunshine lasted into January. Thorndyke thought he had not been so nearly happy for a long time. He saw Constance often, and she was beautifully kind to him. He scarcely went into society at all, and had the hardihood to decline an invitation to one of the Secretary of State's small dinners, on the comprehensive excuse of "a previous engagement," which Mrs. Hill Smith, who had invited him, did not believe in the least; and when she had plaintively mentioned the names of various English, French, Russian, Austrian and German diplomats who were to be present, Thorndyke had replied in a manner which mightily discomposed Mrs. Hill Smith.

"Oh, then, you won't miss a straw American or two!"

If Mrs. Hill-Smith had had her way she would have missed every American invited.

Thorndyke saw much of the Cranes and of the children, who showered their favor upon him. He could not but be struck by the new note in Crane—something subdued, yet full of hope—and he had quite lost that look of harassment and dejection which on first meeting him had struck Thorndyke. Crane was normally a lover of fighting, and although Senator Bicknell, for strategic reasons, chose to keep him in Washington while the preliminaries of the Senatorial fight were raging, yet he delivered some good shots at long range, and it began to look as if he might be elected for the short term in spite of Governor Sanders. The National Committee was not indifferent to this fight, and Senator Bicknell went into it with all his old-time vigor. He worked, ate and drank, waked and slept with members of the Legislature for three weeks before the election came off. It was a stupendous battle and neither side got any odds in the betting.

During the latter part of the Christmas recess Thorndyke went North to pay his sister Elizabeth a visit. Her first words to him were:

"Why, Geoffrey, how young you look!"

And everybody who met him told him he looked young, or looked well, or looked prosperous, and one horny-handed old constituent hazarded the opinion that Mr. Thorndyke was "thinkin' o' gittin' spliced." It was all because Constance Maitland had been kind to him.

The day of his return to Washington he was walking along the street in the bright, sunny, early afternoon of winter. He stopped to buy an evening newspaper, that he might see how the balloting for Senator was going in Crane's State, when a shout greeted him, and Letty Standiford, in a gorgeous crimson automobile, with Senator Mince Pie Mulligan by her side, dashed up to the sidewalk.

"Mr. Thorndyke," shrieked Letty playfully, pretending she meant to run Thorndyke down, "I have a piece of news for you—look out, this is my new red devil—I don't mean Senator Mulligan, but my auto.

"I certainly shall look out when you are around in that death-dealing machine," replied Thorndyke, dodging barely in time to save his legs. "What is your news?"

"Just this: Dad gave me his word this morning that he would not be a candidate for reelection next year. I went after the doctors myself and made them tell me the truth about Dad—he's the only father I've got, you know. And they all told me the same thing—that if he could slack up work and retire at the end of his term he was good for twenty years more, but that if he kept at the grind his life wasn't worth a pin's purchase. Dad wasn't scared by that; but when I told him that I should die of fright and distress if he went away and left me, the poor old thing weakened, and said he'd decline a reelection, and—oh, good gracious! He told me not to breathe it to a soul! He actually shook his finger at me when he said it. Oh, Heavens! If you or Senator Mulligan give me away——"

"Dad will shake his finger at you again," replied Thorndyke, laughing. Nevertheless, his pulses had started off at a great rate.

It's not that—not that I'm afraid of him—but it would break his dear old heart to think I had disobeyed him.

Letty Standiford, as she said this, was an object for angels to love, in spite of her wild air, her mannish hat and coat, her flying and disheveled locks.

"It is safe with me," said Thorndyke gravely; and Senator Mulligan spoke up.

"Divil a word will I say about it—I'm too much afraid of th' ould chap—an' of you, too, Miss Letty."

"Glad to hear it, Sinitor," replied madcap Letty, viciously mimicking the Senator's unfortunate accent, "and oh, Mr. Thorndyke, have you heard that Miss Maitland is engaged to Mr. Cathcart, the navy man who is always hanging around her? It was announced this morning. Good-by."

Letty flashed off, with a bicycle policeman after her full tilt.

Thorndyke was near his lodgings. He did not know how he got there, but presently he found himself sitting in his armchair before the fire. Two hours later, when the maid-servant brought him a letter, he was sitting in the same position.

The dusk was closing in, but he saw that the address was in Constance Maitland's handwriting. Of course she had written to tell him of her engagement; it was kind of her so to break his calamity to him.

The letter lay unopened for half an hour. Then with a desperate courage, Thorndyke tore open the envelope.

THORNDYKE'S AGONY INCREASED WITH EVERY WORD

It was an invitation to dinner two weeks hence.

It was unfeeling of her to do this—it was ignoble to forget that dear lost past of which she had often spoken to him and had allowed him freely to speak to her. It was impossible that he should accept, it was impossible that he should voluntarily meet Constance again—except for one last interview—that final leave-taking which is like the last farewell to the dying. And the sooner it was over the better. Thorndyke pulled himself together and made up his mind to go to Constance at once.

As he walked along the streets in the sharp air of the January twilight everything looked unfamiliar to him. His interior world was destroyed—engulfed. Never more could he know hope or happiness. For him was only that stoical endurance of life which is like a prisoner's endurance of his cell and his shackles. When he reached Constance Maitland's door she was at home and he walked into the familiar drawing-room. She was sitting on the great, deep sofa with no light but that of the blazing wood fire, although it was quite six o'clock. She rose as Thorndyke entered, and greeted him gayly. Her meditations seemed to have been singularly happy.

Thorndyke sat down on the sofa by her, and as all men do under stress of feeling, put his pain into the fewest words possible.

"I heard this afternoon," he said in a strange, cold voice, "of your engagement to Cathcart."

"Did you?" replied Constance, smiling brightly. "From whom, pray?"

"From Miss Standiford."

"So that crazy Letty Standiford goes about announcing my engagement!" There was a pause, and then Thorndyke said, in the same strange, cold voice:

"Cathcart is an admirable man."

"So everybody says," brightly responded Constance. "Many persons have assured me of that."

A longer pause followed. It might be ungenerous to interject a note of pain into her first happiness, but it is human to cry out, to justify one's self, to call attention to the gift, when one has given a heart and a soul.

"If Cathcart can give you even a part of the fortune you will lose by marrying him, he is right to ask you. I could give you nothing—and so, although I have loved you for nineteen years, I could not ask you to descend from wealth to poverty with me."

"I sha'n't lose, perhaps, as much as you think by marrying an American," replied Constance to this, adjusting her draperies in the light of the fire, which played over her face. How bright, how smiling she was! Her dark eyes shone, and the faint dimple in her cheek kept coming and going. "I did not, of course, relish the thought of spending all my life alone," she continued, laughing shamelessly. "I was very young, you may remember. So I determined to save up all I could of my income. It was easy enough, living as I did, with a person who was most of the time a helpless invalid. Then, my [illegible] von Hesselt, realizing the injustice done me by my aunt, left in his will a considerable sum of money, which was to be paid me if I lost my aunt's fortune through marrying an American. This was no more than fair, as my aunt left the money to the von Hesselts in case I should marry an American. My lawyers here have assured me that it is an open question whether I could not, after all, marry whom I will and retain the money because the terms of the reversion to the von Hesselts are very obscure, and it might come at last to my aunt's heirs at-law, of which I am the chief. But I hate publicity and lawsuits and all such things, and as I am still reasonably well off I concluded to spare myself such agonies and to be satisfied with much less than I have now. But it will be enough to give me all I want in any event. I can keep this house, my carriage and servants, and dress and travel as I have been accustomed. What more does any one want?"

As she continued speaking Thorndyke's agony increased with every word. If only he had known before! Possibly—ah, how vain now was it! How hopeless, how full of everlasting pain!

[illegible] Constance kept on, "Mr. Cathcart is not the man for whom I should sacrifice even so much. He has never hinted that I should marry him. I am sure he doesn't want me—I can't imagine how such an absurd report got out."

Thorndyke felt stunned. He said, after a moment:

"So you're not engaged to Cathcart?"

"Certainly not. Haven't I just said that he has never asked me to marry him? and that *he* is not the man for whom I would sacrifice any part of my fortune?"

She emphasized the "he" and her words were full of meaning.

Poor Thorndyke was so dazed, so overwhelmed, that he could do nothing but stare stupidly into Constance's face. The man who really loves and suffers is generally stupid at the supreme moment. And as she looked into his eyes, so full of longing, and yet, half-despairing, she turned her head aside and held out her hand a little way—and he caught it in his.

Ten minutes afterward Scipio Africanus poked his head in the door and saw that which made his eyeballs bulge an inch from his head. At the same moment the bell rang sharply.

(Concluded on Page 30)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Three weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The best excuse is a poor excuse.

¶ True love is never chilled by ice cream.

¶ In life our enemies are often our best friends.

¶ Betting is a practice which no wise man ever preached.

¶ What the pocket wins in politics the character loses.

¶ Keep on going ahead; let others look for footprints.

¶ The man who never owed anything never owned much

¶ Nature allows long credit but charges compound interest.

¶ As a maid she bends the man; as a wife she keeps him straight.

¶ Some men are born foolish and some preserve their old love letters

¶ A man who gives way to his moods is weak on all the ten commandments

¶ It is hard to reform the boy who got whipped in his youth for telling the truth

¶ In art the primary colors are red, blue and yellow; in politics, black and blue.

¶ Whistling to keep the courage up is all right, but the whistle should not be wet

¶ Every man is the architect of his own destiny, but the trouble is we don't pay enough attention to the fire-escapes.

¶ Doctor Parkhurst advises young men to be near the track when the train of opportunity passes. Better be at the station where it stops.

The Amusement Microbe

IT IS a normal function of childhood to be self amusing. Your little daughter who calls her doll Cinderella and sees in the glowing embers of the log fire the coach and four and shivers with pure joy at the postman's knock, believing it the coming of the Prince with the tiny slipper, owes less of her happiness to you who read the story to her than to her imagination that realized it. Your boy, stealthily and laboriously crawling through the long grass upon the unsuspecting redskin whom he intends to bring low with one swift, silent thrust of his faithful bowie, owes but a small debt to Cooper. The source of amusement, which is an important ingredient of happiness, is within them

There are flowers that thrive without care, and some children of a larger growth have managed to keep on good terms with their own thoughts. But with many the function of self-amusement is laid away with the other outgrown toys of childhood. "Amuse me" is the interpretation of the ill-concealed yawn of the badly-educated society belle. "Bored to death" is the wearied cry of the unemployed rich, fast learning the limitations of the purchasing power of money. Envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness are the spawn of this lust for amusement. Few sights there are that excite the risibles of the Olympians more than that of the man who has toiled the best of his days to amass wealth and has neglected the education that enables him to enjoy it. It is in the chase that the sport of the game is to be found. The quarry once run to earth—what remains? Surely one can't be expected to play with the brush all one's life.

The Kingdom is within you! You have neglected to cultivate the acquaintance of a valuable friend if you have not trained your power of self-amusement. If your parents were wise in stimulating this faculty, get down on your knees and thank them for a priceless heritage. To you, then, leisure is a brief moment of pure joy, not to be treated lightly or in frivolous spirit. It is to be treasured and hugged close to the breast as a darling child. It is to be shared even grudgingly with friends; and those few and choice. A good book, music, the song of birds, the voice of Nature—these are its companions.

If you cannot leave to your children wealth—and there are worse fates—see that the normal function of self-amusement with which their Creator has endowed them is cultivated, and you will add untold joy to their manhood and declining old age.

The Detective with a Million Arms

A DIAMOND necklace that cost many tens of thousands was stolen from a New York residence not long ago As soon as the detectives arrived they said: "Say nothing of this to the reporters. Don't let anybody hear of it. If it gets out we can do nothing." After they had worked for several weeks without accomplishing anything, the newspapers happened on the facts and published them. The same day a pawnbroker came forward with some of the jewels; the next day the thief was caught and the rest of the jewels were found. Why? Because with the newspaper publication the search for thief and plunder began to be made not by two or three thick-headed "sleuths" but by millions upon millions of human beings, each casting about in his own neighborhood for some clue to the mystery.

Several years ago Russia began to move into Manchuria. The "diplomats" of the other European Powers began to tunnel under Russia's tunnel. "Not a word of this must get out. The public makes a mess of everything. Just let us alone to burrow in the dark and Russia will soon be retreating." Finally the matter was uncovered accidentally. But it was too late. Russia, calmly disregarding the silly little mole tunnel of the diplomats, had got her long claws well planted, and though publicity has made it impossible for her to move as rapidly as she was doing, as long as the diplomats let her work in secret, diplomacy's blunderings cannot be set straight.

There are no exceptions to the rule that honesty and honest purposes of every kind seek the light and thrive best in it, while skull-digging is never better pleased than when it can induce honest men to say: "Yes, publicity is a dangerous thing. Let's fumble about in the dark."

The President's Finishing Course

NO PRESIDENT of the United States is fully qualified for his work until he has crossed the continent. President Roosevelt has just completed this part of his education. By his life on the Western plains and in the Rocky Mountains he had gained a broader national outlook than had been possessed by most of the occupants of his office; but still he has recognized the need of a Pacific finishing course, and in his first speech in California he frankly expressed the pleasure he felt in finally securing it

When the President entered the garden of Southern California he had traveled as far as from London to Teheran. Had he made a similar journey in Europe and Asia he would have crossed the frontiers between not less than eight nations and languages, and might easily have crossed many more. But here he was always at home. "The thing that strikes me most," he said, "as I go through this country and meet the men and women of the country, is the essential unity of all Americans. Down at the bottom we are the same people all through."

There is nothing more inspiring than a tour of inspection among the continental outposts of the United States. Whether you go to Eastport or to San Diego, to Seattle or to Palm Beach, you find the tide of American life beating vigorously against its boundaries. If you stand by the monument, sixteen miles south of San Diego, where Mexico meets the United States, you are just as much at home, in just as thoroughly American an atmosphere, as if you were walking down Broad Street in Philadelphia. You are not in a province tied to a distant metropolis—you are in the metropolis itself, just as you are in England whether you land in Kent or in Lancashire.

It is the same in Alaska, which is a part of the actual United States, temporarily separated from the main body by a strip of foreign territory. It is this ubiquity of Americanism—the fact that the country is alive all through, to its very tips, and not merely in spots—that constitutes the real strength of this republic. It is this, and not our size, numbers or wealth, that makes us impregnable at home.

The Unreasonable Millions

WITH due allowance for the tendency to exaggerate present ills and minimize those of the past, it is a fact that the unrest of "labor" is greater now than it has ever been before in this country. There are two reasons for it.

Education, especially by one-cent newspapers, has made the class which appropriates to itself the name "labor" acutely conscious of the inequalities of wealth and of the benefits to be got with money—better food, better clothing, better shelter. *Ostentation* on the part of those who have profited enormously by the present prosperity has set "labor" to worrying. It has read of millions made by simply "reorganizing" an industry, of other millions made by merely standing ready to "finance" a "flotation," should financing be necessary—which it was not. It has heard promoters confess that they really couldn't tell what they had done with that trifling item of twenty millions or so of stocks and bonds issued to bring a capitalization up to a good round sum—but paying huge interest and dividends. It has seen presidents cavorting from casino to casino and younger sons tossing the lifetime wages of an artisan on the spin of a roulette wheel. And worried "labor" has said to itself, is saying to itself: "There seems to be a good bit of money going about. There seem to be a lot of people to whom money comes easy and in bales. Am I getting my share of the prosperity? If money now grows on bushes, what's the matter with a money-bush on the fire-escape landing outside my flat-windows?"

Unreasonable? But the human animal has never been strong in logic. And isn't there a thread of reason in this, after all? And doesn't it constitute a situation which will be more intense before it is less so? And shouldn't that situation be regarded calmly and temperately and fairly—especially by those who have had those opportunities to acquire self-control and ideals above money-grabbing which the mass of our "labor" has not had?

An International Picture Book

MOST people do not really know a thing until they see it. They may have it told to them in words, but the idea does not actually penetrate their brains until it gets in through the eyes. It is likely, therefore, that the publication in the new edition of the Statesman's Year Book of a series of comparative statistical diagrams will give to a good many people in Europe a new conception of the commercial and industrial position of the United States.

For instance, it is commonly believed abroad that we have practically no merchant marine. These diagrams make it apparent that our merchant marine is second to that of England, and almost equal to the shipping of all the other maritime powers combined. It has more than half the tonnage of that of Great Britain, and nearly three times that of Germany, which ranks next to us. It exceeds the aggregate tonnage of Germany, France, Italy and Japan. Its mere increase in the past twelve years has been greater than the total amount of shipping now sailing under the flag of any other country except England and Germany; its absolute increase has exceeded that of any other country except England, and its relative increase has exceeded England's. Of course, it is our coastwise and lake shipping that enables us to make this showing, but this is a legitimate part of our maritime resources

The growth of our iron production is a more familiar phenomenon. Still it may give some foreigners a little shock to observe that while the American output of iron ore was multiplied by nearly four in the twenty years between 1880 and 1900, that of Great Britain fell off in the same period by about twenty-two per cent., and had a still further and heavy fall the following year. Great Britain was producing just fifty per cent. more iron in 1880 than in 1901. In 1900 the United States produced more than Great Britain, France and Austria-Hungary combined, nearly twice as much as Great Britain alone, and forty-five per cent. more than Germany.

The United States took first place in the production of coal in 1899 and has kept it ever since. We produce considerably more now than Great Britain.

These things have been known, of course, to all who have taken the trouble to keep track of statistics. But figures mean nothing to the man on the trolley car. What he wants is a picture that will hit him in the eye, and in these colored Year Book diagrams he gets just what he needs.

MEN and WOMEN

JUDGE HOLMAN, of Indiana, famous for years as the "Watchdog of the Treasury," was one of the picnickers from Washington who went to see the first battle of Bull Run fought. He drove down with many other members of Congress, firm in the idea that the Union soldiers would make short work of the Confederates, and, with the rest, was panic-stricken when the Confederates chased the Union soldiers back in confusion

Years later he was telling of his experiences. "I was there," he said, "and pretty soon the soldiers and citizens who had gone to see the battle began to come by, running fit to kill. I watched them for a spell, and then I thought I d better be getting along home."

"Did you run?" asked Judge Culberson

"I hastened a bit," confessed Holman

"Which way?"

"To tell the truth," said Holman, "I veered a trifle to the North"

The Nearsighted Senator

ONE of Washington's charming society matrons is locally celebrated for her extraordinary number of gowns.

Somebody showed Senator Spooner her picture a few days ago. She was in evening dress, with the bodice cut very low

"This is the newest picture of Mrs. So-and-So," said the friend. "Do you know, she has a hundred and fifty gowns?"

"Is that so?" asked the Senator. "I wonder why she didn't wear one of them when she had this picture taken?"

The Eternal Question

THE National Council of Women was in session. A stormy debate was on. Some great question was under discussion Delegates in all parts of the hall were talking excitedly. The noise was deafening

Suddenly there was a lull. The debate ceased Then there came clearly from the centre of the hall: "The dressmaker said it would take three yards and seven-eighths, but I managed to get it out of three and a quarter."

The speaker was Mrs. Helen Adelaide Shaw, daughter of Agassiz. She was talking to Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, the social reformer of New York.

A Predigested Moral

WHEN Thomas W. Palmer returned to Detroit from Spain, where he had been United States Minister, he went to his office to see how things were going. The young man he had left in charge of his great interests took him out to luncheon

They went to a club. The luncheon check was more than ten dollars. Next day Palmer dropped around about one o'clock and invited the manager to go to luncheon with him. He led the way to a "quick-lunch" place, took a stool and motioned his manager to another. The check was forty cents

"You see," said Palmer as they came out, "I am only worth a million or so, and I can't afford to pay ten-dollar luncheon checks."

The manager said nothing, but he never forgot.

An Expensive Sample

COLONEL FRANCIS G. WARD, now Superintendent of Public Works at Buffalo, was for some years connected with the construction corps of the Panama Railroad

"We had curious handicaps in the work," said Colonel Ward. "All of our material came from France. Once we needed some bolts. We sent a wooden model of the kind we wanted to France and ordered four million of them. The bolts came back, but they were all made of wood like the model—four million beautifully-made wooden bolts of no earthly use except for kindling"

A Touch of Genius

GEORGE W. HARVEY knows more about good things to eat than any man in Washington. His restaurant has long been famous with all the public men of the country.

Harvey went to Paris a few years ago and, naturally, met and talked with the gourmets there. Some of his friends, confident that no Frenchman knew the gentle art of eating and fixing things to eat so well as he, arranged a

"I HASTENED A BIT," CONFESSED HOLMAN

salad dressing contest. Three famous gourmets were pitted against Harvey. The conditions were that each man should make and dress a salad and that the creations should be submitted to a board of competent judges. The prize was a silver loving-cup

The four contestants made their salads and dressed them. Just before Harvey finished his he took from his pocket a little leather case and selected a small vial therefrom. He poured three or four drops of a colorless liquid on the salad and gave it a few last, loving touches with the wooden spoon and fork

The Frenchmen had watched Harvey closely. They knew all the other ingredients he had put in his salad, but the liquid puzzled them. The judges ate of each and, finally, after much comparison, decided that Harvey had won the prize. In their opinion, that touch of the liquid from the bottle added a unique aroma.

"What's in that bottle, George?" asked Harvey's friends when they had returned to their hotel

"Water," replied Harvey.

"Water?" shouted the incredulous friends

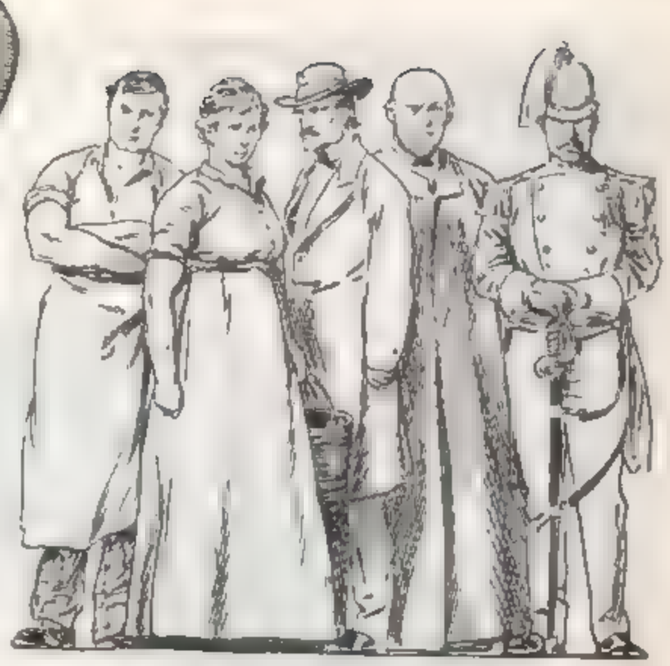
"Exactly," said Harvey—"plain water from the pump. I knew I had to do something extraordinary to win from those fellows, and I appealed to their imagination."

The Stage Struck a Rock

JULIUS KAHN, of California, who was a member of the Fifty-seventh Congress, was an actor before he went into politics

When he first came to Washington he was inclined to dwell on his playing days. At a Gridiron Club dinner one night he was called on for a speech.

"I SAW HIM . . . IN . . . RIP VAN WINKLE"



"When I was on the stage," he said, with great declamatory effect ——

"Who were you driving for?" asked a strong-lunged Gridiron man.

Mr. Kahn stopped there and never began again,

A Nicotian Sermon

ONE Sunday morning Senator Hanna, accompanied by a friend, went over to Secretary Hay's house on an important matter. When the business was concluded Secretary Hay asked "Are you going to church this morning, Mark?"

"Well, John," the Senator replied, "I suppose I am"

"I have some very good cigars," said Hay meditatively.

Hanna looked out of the window for a moment. Then he turned to his friend and said: "I wish you would go by the house and tell the folks not to wait for me. I am going to get some spiritual consolation from John Hay."

A Long Wait

ADMIRAL HICHBORN, long the Chief Constructor in the Navy, has a Chinese servant, named Chow, whom he brought with him from the East. One day Chow asked permission to go to a funeral

"All right," said the Admiral. Then he added, "I suppose you will put a lot of food and sweetmeats on his grave as they do in China?"

"Allee same China," Chow replied

"Now, Chow," continued the Admiral, "when do you think the dead Chinaman will come up to eat the food you leave on his grave?

"Allee same time Melican man comes up to smellee flowers you leave on his grave," answered Chow urbanely

Not of the Same Generation

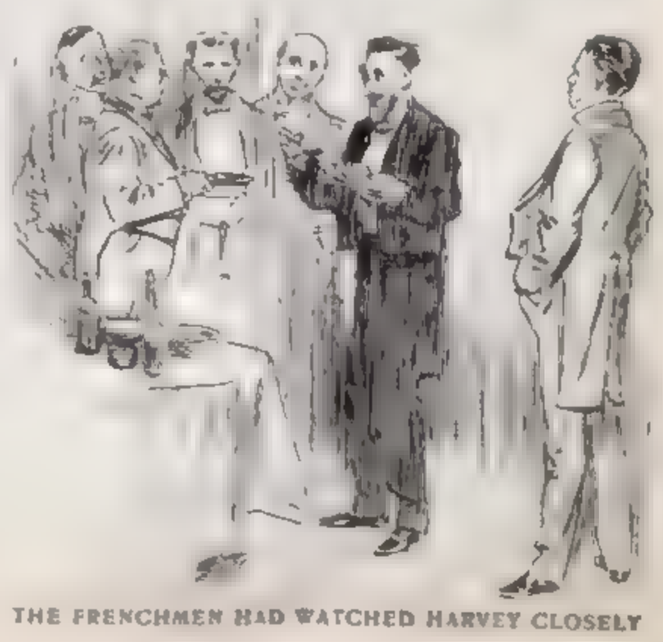
SHELBY M CULLOM owes much of his power in Illinois to the many courtesies he extends to the people from that State who visit Washington. During the past session of Congress he was showing a young man from Chicago through the Capitol. They came to the statue of Jefferson.

"This," said Mr. Cullom, "is the statue of Jefferson"

The Chicago man studied the statue carefully Then he said: "It's a bad likeness. It don't look a bit like him"

"Why," remonstrated Mr. Cullom gently, "you never saw Jefferson, did you?"

"Your eye I didn't!" responded the Chicago man indignantly. "I saw him over in New York only a few nights ago in good old Rip Van Winkle."



THE FRENCHMEN HAD WATCHED HARVEY CLOSELY

Drink
Hires
Rootbeer

during the hot weather. It cools the blood, revives and refreshes, and enables you to overcome the exhaustion of heat, as nothing else will. It is pre-eminently the great American temperance beverage for summer.

A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere, or by mail for 25 cents. Beware of imitations. Patent Stopper Bottles for making Hires Rootbeer, 50 cents per dozen pints.

CHARLES E. HIRES CO.
Malvern, Pa.

CUT GLASS
WATER SET

This beautiful Water Jug, one quart size—and one-half dozen tumblers to match.

$12.75

Pure Crystal Glass of rare brilliancy.

Water Jug alone, . . . $ 6 00
Two Quart size 12 00
Tumblers alone, per doz., 12 00

Prepaid anywhere east of the Mississippi.

Write for Booklet.

CROWN CUT GLASS CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

NOW!

30 DAYS FREE

TRIAL

The Hopeful Manuscript

BY LUCY MONROE

TO THE publisher, books resolve themselves into a method of making money They become mere material for barter, and the production of them is governed by the laws of supply and demand. The only difference between his business and others lies in the uncertainty of the market A dealer in hardware or a dealer in bananas may rely upon a certain steady demand for his product. The years may differ in the amount of it Some months may call for more hammers and nails than others, and there are times when the appetite for bananas gives place to an overwhelming desire for strawberries. But always there are some buyers whose cupboards must be repaired and some who are loyal to the richer fruit in spite of all temptations. So the bargaining goes merrily on and the seller reaps a profit

In the case of books the conditions are different. There is unquestionably an unceasing demand for the product in general, but for the special book there may be none. A publisher may make every preparation to satisfy a ravenous public only to find that he has offered caviare to a crowd that is hungry for ice cream. Beyond a certain point it is impossible to predict the caprices of taste The book that is merely good fun may sell a hundred thousand, while a meagre two per cent. of that figure satisfies the demand for a work of art. Of two books that seem to the ambitious publisher equally original, one may bring him a fortune and the other lose for him everything he puts into its make-up and advertising. He aspires to please, but his diplomacy is sometimes at fault.

The uncertainties of the situation are distressing. The same expense precedes success and failure. Labor and money are never sure of a just return. At first it is trying to the nerves—the risk, the disappointments, even the successes with their accompaniment of newspaper eulogies and perversions. But gradually he grows hardened. The feverish anxiety with which he staked his money on the red gives place to a reckless indifference. The gambler learns to seem unmoved, even in the presence of disaster.

Finding the Pulse of the Public

The problem before the publisher and his literary adviser—too formidable a title to cover a mere individual—becomes a question of predicting the public taste. But in the effort to see straight they go through many phases. They accept books which have an attractive cleverness, to discover that in the rush of life it is too slight a thing to be noticed. In hopeful moments they publish promising manuscripts in the belief that the author's next book may be a masterpiece; and the next book goes, after all, to another publisher. In moments of discouragement they take up novels that seem just sentimental enough and flabby enough to please a stupid public, with the result that this special sentimentality is not of the right kind. Finally, they come back to the belief that the only possible guide lies in their own taste. It may be a faulty one, but it has a foundation of sincerity. With this for a working basis, they go through the scores of manuscripts that arrive, in eager search for a germ of originality, a glow of the real humanity. Sometimes they find these qualities only to reject them because they are concealed in circumlocutions or marked with the trail of sentimentality. But the search goes on through the innumerable rejected to one that stands out from its fellows with something of crude strength or with a delicate touch of sensibility. These are read and discussed with more care than the others, but too often the first has no grace and no refinement and the second is as fragile as porcelain. These, too, are returned, as gently as possible, but with a certain amount of frank criticism and encouragement. So the search goes on—until finally, after dreary toil and effort, some obscure manuscript suddenly stands out as if it were aflame

This is the great moment—the moment worth living for, worth the waiting and the working. But it comes but rarely in any experience. All the other times of hopefulness are simply the search for it, the aspiration toward it. A manuscript is clever, and one wonders whether it is clever enough; another is witty, and it is hard to tell whether its wit has the warm, human touch; another tells a good story, but its dialogue is stilted and its characters brittle; another has magnetism and no plot; another is vivid and convincing, but will it pay? To this last question the argument always returns. A publisher is not a philanthropist, and though he is sometimes tempted to do a good thing for its own sake, he is generally rewarded if he does it with a discouraging indifference on the part of the public. And the next time he remembers it.

The New Writer Welcome

Yet, after all, the conditions are not so discouraging for art as some pessimistic critics imagine. Every publisher is seeking continually for a good thing, and to overlook one is in a way a disgrace. He looks for it, too, in the work of new men, and it is literally true that well-known names count for very little in his eyes. This is the day of the unknown. To him is the opportunity. In him lie the mysterious possibilities. A first book contains the magnetism, a second the disappointment, a third the struggle, a fourth too often but an uncertain hold upon a lowly position. The public tires quickly of its favorites. Even its kings are sometimes suddenly dethroned in their hour of greatest glory. Nothing is more uncertain than an assured reputation, nothing more elusive than popularity. In the new, in the unknown, lies the dream

It comes back always—this problem—to the manuscript itself and its special qualities. If it is weak, if it is out of touch with the crowd, the most distinguished name will not carry it far. And the public is singularly shrewd. It dallies with trash sometimes to the extent of a hundred thousand, but along with the trivialities it must have some touch of magnetism, some homely truth, some sincere human feeling. And if a thing is fine, if it is fine all the way through, if it is art without a pose, or nature that rings true, it slowly makes its way. Its sales are never measured in six figures, but in one way or another it makes good. In the end it pays rather better to trust the public than to cater to its weaknesses. For the public has many ways of revenging itself for a lack of faith.

The office of an editor or a publisher is an admirable place to study life. Character is laid bare in innumerable letters and in manuscripts of a revealing intensity. One learns much of human weakness and something of the simplicity of human strength Occasionally a writer gives of his best in his correspondence, occasionally he goes down into the depths and there is a flash of the undertruths. There are letters that amuse you, there are letters that grip you, there are letters of a fine expansive generosity But usually the simplest letters—of those that accompany manuscripts—command the most respect. The man who describes his book at length, who tells you the reason why it will make a success, usually has little to offer. It is the writer who is willing to let his work speak for itself that really counts. But it is not through letters alone that a publisher may study life. His office is invaded by men of all temperaments, for the aspiring author has many manifestations. He is strange, he is illiterate, he is heavy, or he has a charm, but always there is something about him that is appealing. Occasionally he takes the form of a radiant creature in gorgeous raiment—rather too gorgeous for the occasion. As she enters the queer little den, the too serious reader looks up with relief from the manuscript which began well but is growing dull. It is as if the room had suddenly blossomed into color.

Books Made While You Wait

The vision speaks. "I have brought you a book," it says with a certain high condescension. "I should like a dozen copies of it within a week. My friends are very anxious to see it at once, and I know that it will make a sensation."

The editor was dazed and helpless before such admirable confidence. "If you will leave the manuscript," she suggested mildly, "I shall be glad to read it."

But this was no part of the vision's plan "It is much too valuable to leave," she said "I can't think of being separated from it."

"But how am I to read it, then?" protested the bewildered editor.

CORN STARCH TALK

With Receipt
For a Delightful Dessert

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG

Is it not strange, knowing that starch is the most important factor in our foods, that we do not make more use of Corn Starch, which furnishes so much food value in a convenient form, easy of use, readily assimilated, and inexpensive?

The quality of the Corn Starch used, however, has much to do with its palatable taste and digestibility. Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, which has been used for 55 years, is of unquestioned purity, and never disappoints in results. Try this brand in the following appetizing dessert and see if Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch is not well worth a prominent place in your pantry.

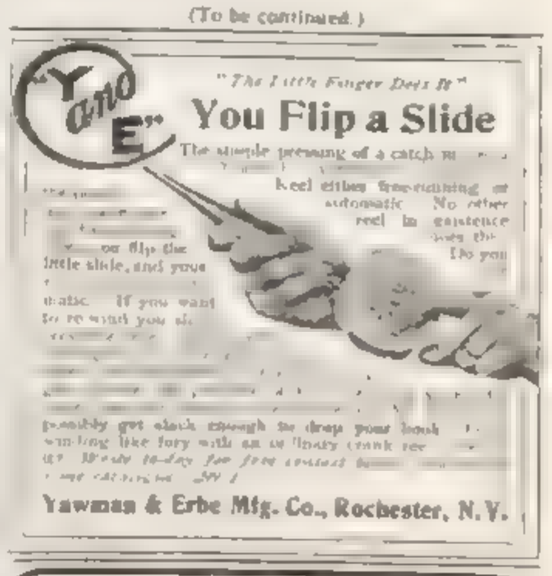
SNOW BALLS

Cream a third of a cup of butter and a half a cup of sugar gradually. Sift one cup of flour with half a cup of Kingsford's Corn Starch and three level teaspoons of baking powder. Add this mixture alternately with about two-thirds of a cup of milk and stir in gently the stiff whites of four eggs. Place this batter in six well buttered cups and steam for half an hour. Turn out gently, roll in powdered sugar and serve hot with

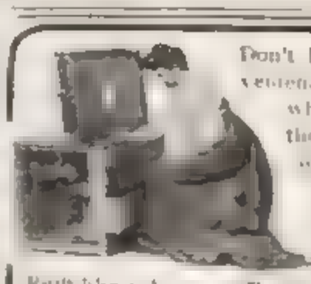
STRAWBERRY SAUCE

Cream half a cup of butter with one and a half cups of powdered sugar, add the yolk of one egg. Add a cupful of crushed berries just at serving time. Any fruit in season may be used in this way, for either steamed or baked puddings.

(To be continued.)



Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.



Don't leave comfort, convenience and order at home when you travel. Take them along by packing in a

STALLMAN
Dresser Trunk

Built like a dresser. Everything you want when and where you want it. Keeps garments in perfect condition. Simplifies packing and unpacking, eliminates re-packing. Strongest, roomiest, most convenient trunk made and costs no more than the ordinary style. Sent C. O. D. privilege examination.

Send two-cent stamp for booklet

F. A. STALLMAN, 60 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.

A Living from 5 Acres

If you have a small farm, a country place, a suburban re

for 3 months, write for The Small Farmer. Beautifully illustrated in two colors. Tells how to farm and poultry intensively. Send 10c for 3 months' trial

THE SMALL FARMER, Dept. 6, 31 E. 17th St., New York

Untie the Knot with SYSTEM

System in business is protection from snarls protection from knotty, vexatious complications—protection from the little nuisances that waste time and money. The trivial troubles are the ones that keep you from getting things done. Insure yourself against them through system. There is no better way to learn system than by reading SYSTEM, the 96-page monthly magazine devoted to the improvement of business method. SYSTEM is useful alike to business and professional men—to employers and employees

The president of a large lumber company says:

"It is absolutely necessary to us in the conduct of our business to have before us all information as SYSTEM gives. Our copy of [illegible] contained in your publication."

The McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., The National Cash Register Co., Montgomery Ward & Co., American Cereal Co., Brown Hoisting Machine Co., Sherwin-Williams Co., Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Deere & Co., The Parry Mfg. Co., and like concerns subscribe for SYSTEM and endorse it. Some of them take as many as seven copies monthly. SYSTEM will surely help you

The man of experience gets in SYSTEM the experience of other men. To the young man beginning business, to the clerk, bookkeeper or student, SYSTEM is more than a business college

The [illegible] will help any business or professional. The special articles for one's own work no man can afford to miss.

[illegible] ally used it large success [illegible] to show how these same systems can be adapted to your business or profession—no matter what it is—how large or how small

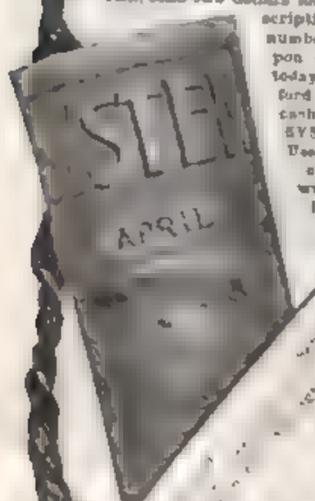
Regular Monthly Departments, Edited by Experts

Factory Organization
System in Selling
System in Correspondence
Short Cuts
Answered by Experts
System in Exporting
Business Statistics
System in Advertising
The Laws of Business
System in Banking
Real Estate and Insurance
[illegible]
System in the Professions
System in Shipping
[illegible] systems
[illegible]
Publisher's Announcement

To any yearly subscriber the advice by mail of any or all of SYSTEM'S experts or their assistants is FREE

Special Half-Price Dollar Offer

Beginning with May the Publishers doubled the price and trebled the value of SYSTEM. Two dollars the year is the cost. But this introductory offer is available: send a single dollar now and you will receive the next six numbers of SYSTEM and six valuable back numbers for immediate reading. Or, better still, send two dollars for a full year's subscription and the six back numbers. Send the coupon or write a letter today. You cannot afford to close your mail drawer against SYSTEM. Use this coupon or simply write us a letter



The Publishers of SYSTEM
Mutual Life Building, Chicago

"That is of no consequence," she answered loftily. "I want it published and I would like a dozen copies within a week."

"You forget that certain formalities are necessary." The editor was beginning to get her bearings again. "We must read a book before we accept it, and we must accept it before we publish it. It is quite impossible to supply you with twelve copies in a week."

It was the vision's turn to look bewildered. "But I must have them," she exclaimed. "You don't realize how crazy my friends are to see it. I belong to the very best society and I know everybody. They will all buy the book. You needn't be at all afraid about that."

The editor, realizing that they were talking different languages, possessed herself of the precious manuscript.

"I want several of my photographs put into the book," added the vision. And the editor looked at her and agreed that it might help. She brought them out, and resplendent things they were. It was with reluctance that the editor left them to return to the manuscript. While she glanced at its incoherent banalities the vision rattled on to reassure her about her standing in society. She could not in the least understand the editor's negative when it came. She could not believe that the manuscript was not as precious to a publisher as it was to herself. She left at last quite dazed, but maintaining to the end her haughty condescension.

The Old Order Changeth

She was followed by an old man, a rather fine old man, who had been in once before.

"I received your letter this morning," he began, "and I came in to thank you for it."

The editor gave him a welcome. "There was an unexpected enthusiasm in the novel," she said; "it was the true boyish spirit that you put into your college fellows. I am more than sorry that we can't take it up."

"You criticised, I notice, the chapters about Lincoln and McPherson, but it was largely for them that I wrote the book."

"Yes, I know that," she answered, "but it is hard to do two things at once. You cannot serve God and Mammon. If you are writing a novel it is the story that is important." And she had a fleeting sense of the impertinence of these suggestions to a man who had lived his life.

He accepted them gently, but they were not of his school. "It would not satisfy me," he said, "to write a story and nothing more. If I could not give some information in it or teach some lesson it would be mere frivolity."

"But your information should be of life and character," she demurred; "your lesson should be expressed in terms of fiction."

"Wouldn't that seem very trivial?" he protested. "Isn't there a need for something more solid?"

At that she took him up. "You can give any amount of depth to a study of life. And what is the use of information which people will not read? If your novel is not a good story, if it is not absorbing as fiction, the lesson will be quite lost."

He seemed to feel that he had fallen upon degenerate days. "You may be right," he said, "but when I read a novel I like to feel that I am learning something."

"I fancy you don't read very many," the editor put in.

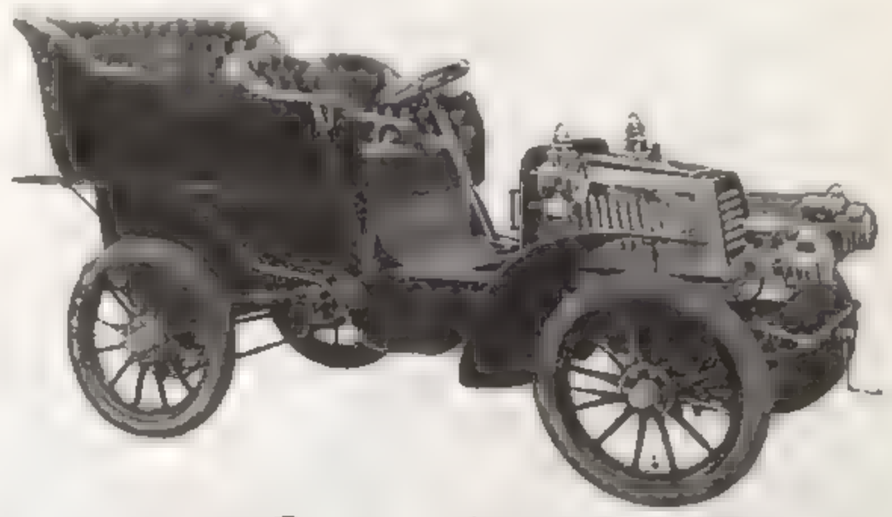
"No," he answered a little wistfully. "I don't care much for these things they are writing now."

"Some of them are pretty bad, I admit, but they have their value. They teach some people to read who have hardly thought of opening a book. They enlarge the reading public. Perhaps in the end they will teach it to discriminate even against themselves."

The Cohorts of the Philistine

There are many other invasions. There is the rural poet whom neither diplomacy nor expostulation will prevent from reading his verses aloud. There is the loquacious creator of a new life of Moses who has made astonishing discoveries. There is the essayist who has written heavy papers upon heavy subjects for the edification of himself and the enlightenment of humanity. And these can only be told that, admirable as their work probably is, it has no value for the publisher. Then there are novelists in all stages of feeling from confidence to timidity. The woman whose masterpiece, she is quite sure, will revolutionize the art of fiction may be followed by a quiet little creature who has done something worth while but asks

In all the Endurance Contests of 1902 the only automobile that had a 100 per cent. record in every car in each contest was



The "Searchmont"

$2500

We put the Searchmont—every car that's made—to the severest tests of every sort (hill-climbing, test of motor, adjustment, etc.), but the greatest test of all is the endurance road-test.

The *Searchmont* is also a luxurious car; but it is, first of all, reliable and strong. That is the main point.

Send for catalogue which shows the Searchmont—inside and out

[illegible]
NEWARK, Automobile Co. of N. J.
PITTSBURG, A. P. Shumaker
CLEVELAND, Cleveland Auto & Supply Co.
DETROIT, W. H. Weber
WASHINGTON, Chas. E. Miller & Bro.
BALTIMORE, Mar Del M.
MILWAUKEE, Jonas Auto [illegible]
ST. LOUIS, Mississippi Valley A.
CINCINNATI, Special Motor Vehicle Co.
ROCHESTER, Rochester Automobile C.

SEARCHMONT AUTOMOBILE CO.

502 North American Building, Philadelphia

[illegible]
Searchmont (near Chester), Pa.

EASIEST TO RIDE, EASIEST TO MEND

G & J TIRES

FASTEST AND MOST RESILIENT OF ALL TIRES

The Southern Pacific

OFFERS A VARIETY OF ROUTES TO

CALIFORNIA

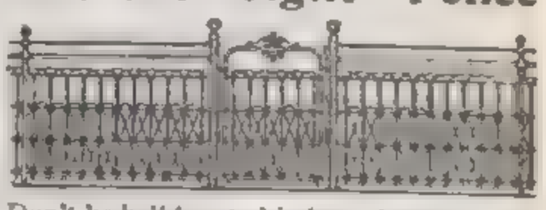
Via their New [illegible] New Orleans, thence by rail, or by any all rail route, at from

$39 to $50

For all further information address any Southern Pacific Agent.

NEW YORK, 349 Broadway, 1 Battery Place
BOSTON, 170 Washington Street
PHILADELPHIA, 109 So. 3d Street
SYRACUSE 129 So. Franklin Street
BALTIMORE, 100 E. Baltimore Street

But one "right" Fence



Don't be half-hearted in fence buying—get the best, the perfected, modern fences for lawns, parks, school grounds, etc. Artistic in design. Woven hard and fast of galvanized steel wire, double throughout. A lifetime of wear and beauty in them. Write for catalog of wire fences, 10 to 50c. a ft. Free

DWIGGINS WIRE FENCE CO.
18 Dwiggins Avenue **Anderson, Ind.**

? {"Mental Nuts."—Can you crack em? "1400 Conundrums" and Riddles. "Knots" [illegible] "Puzzle Book."—Can you do 'em? Puzzle Books. 10 cents each, all 4 for 30 cents
Home Supply Co., D 10, 132 Nassau St., New York

100 FOREIGN STAMPS, 10c. 104 var. from Malta, Bulgaria etc. 10c. 200 var. 25c. 300 var. 50c. 500 var. $1 $3. 1000 var. $6.00. 40 var. U. S. 10c. 32-page list free. Agents wanted. Stamps on approval at 50 per cent. L. CROWELL STAMP CO., 142 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

BURBANK'S NEW CREATIONS 10¢

[illegible] new ideas about Luther Burbank originator of new fruits, and his grand ace plum, "Maynard." Send 10 cents, stamps, Oregon Nursery Company, 15 10th Street, Salem, Oregon

SALESMEN WANTED Our line of advertising thermometer and calendar novelties for the season of 1903 and 1904 is now ready. Send us 10c in stamps for sample catalogue and terms. TAYLOR BROS. CO., Rochester, N. Y.

HOW TO SECURE MUSIC LESSONS FREE [illegible] a limited time we will give free, 96 music lessons on either **Piano, Organ, Banjo, Guitar, Cornet, Violin or Mandolin** (your expense will only be the music you use, to be paid for as needed, and the cost of postage). We teach by mail only and guarantee success. This offer is made solely for advertising purposes and those writing first will be given preference.
Address: U. S. School of Music, Box 309, 19 Union Square, New York, N. Y.

SNAP, PUSH AND GO

Is What One Should Get from Food.

A young St. Louis lady learned a food lesson she won't forget. She says: "I suffered from indigestion for nearly 2 years and though I tried all kinds of foods for breakfast I could not eat any of them with one day I discovered Grape-Nuts and now I wonder how I ever did without it.

"I am a stenographer in a business office and need all the energy possible but I formerly spent the greater part of every morning wishing I had gone without breakfast for I was continually reminded of it by the uncomfortable, distressed state of my stomach. How much ability I lost through this I could not tell you but now all is different for I eat some fruit and a saucer of Grape-Nuts and work hard all the morning and never think about my stomach until lunch time comes.

"I feel the good effects of Grape-Nuts in a sharpened brain, better memory and increased thinking capacity. The only difficulty I have about it is that I never want to limit myself to the required amount for I love it so." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is a reason why Grape-Nuts sharpens the brain.

It's fun to make new and delicious desserts by the recipe book found in each package of Grape-Nuts.

THE
Union Savings Bank
Capital $1,000,000

BANKING BY MAIL
4 Per Cent. Interest

DIRECTORS
Henry C. Frick — James H. Lockhart — Edward A. Woods
W. K. Frew — William R. Schiller

FRICK BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA

BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY

STRAIGHT BACK "STANLEY" TRUNKS
The New Kind

Costs No More Than Others

DRESSER TRUNKS
A Bureau and Trunk Combined

"On Approval"

THE HOMER YOUNG CO. Ltd. Toledo O.

Hard leather heels, say doctors now,
Will ache us while they shake us
But rubber cushions they avow,
Will ward off undertakers.

The hygienic influence and correction of carriage acquired through wearing O'Sullivan Rubber Heels receives the recognition of the medical fraternity. When you need a lift on your heels ask your dealer to put O'Sullivan Rubber Heels on. 35 cents and small nails for attaching. All dealers, or O'Sullivan Rubber Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Editor and the Manuscript

merely for an opinion. Or perhaps it is a demure young woman, with a sweet smile and with dark rings under her eyes, who enters.

Her manuscript is presented very modestly and with the quiet comment, "I wrote it in my sleep."

The editor gasps, and she says again, "I wrote it in my sleep."

"Do you mean," comes the question, "that you dreamt the plot and wrote it out afterward?"

"No," she replies, and nothing could be more sincere than her simplicity; "I get up while asleep and write. When I waken in the morning I never remember what I have done. In my desk there is a completed story or a part of a novel. That is the only way I know."

The editor through her latticed windows takes refuge in the lake which shimmers in the sun. Then she turns to the quiet brown lady and looks for some sign of insincerity in her big dark eyes. But none is visible. They show only a kind of childlike innocence. "You do not remember the plot?" she asks.

"No. I write of things that I know nothing about when awake. It is like another life, quite different from my own. But I have sold many stories written in that way and people tell me they are good."

She explained, to satisfy an unusual curiosity, that these things could be proved, that her case had been written up in the papers, that it had excited the attention of eminent psychologists, that the book would receive a great deal of free advertising because of the way it was written.

The Final Test of a Manuscript

"But it comes back," said the editor at last, to the manuscript itself. "If the story is good, advertising will help. If it is not, it counts for nothing at all.

"You cannot force the public to take what it does not want."

And so it was left and so later it was abandoned.

Occasionally the little den is invaded by a fine personality, like the young poet who is languidly trying his wings, who has ideas and dreams and a sense of humor which prevents him from taking himself too seriously and a sense of humor which makes him a charming companion but may keep him from being in vogue. Or there is the temperamental author who misunderstands without the capacity for the man of letters who has obviously done things, or the genius who is out of the world and set outside of it who gives a sketch of his brain and suggests to the editor to publish it. And then there is the Chief, who comes in also with a manuscript.

"I have read this thing of Green's," he says, "and I agree with you that it's a good thing. But I don't believe that it would sell."

"Oh don't say," she protests. "Yet it deserves to sell. It has any amount of power."

"I know that. But that's not what people want. They like a more cheerful story than this. They like to forget their troubles."

"But sometimes tragedy is more absorbing than comedy. And by contrast it makes one appreciate one's blessings."

"Yes, but this is really too sordid to be tragedy."

"I know," she answers. "It is almost grim. Yet there is that lovely heroine who comes out of it like a flower. Won't she help?"

"Surely. But she won't help enough. I don't see it. The crowd would not care for that heroine and would beg the boy who wrote for an author who cry happy."

"I believe you are right," the editor answered; "I had much the same doubt about it. Yet it deserves to succeed, and it is vastly better than a lot of the novels that do."

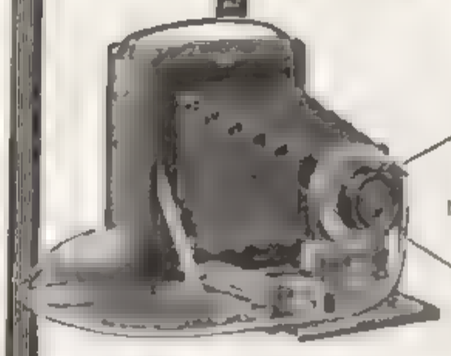
"I admit that," said the Chief. "And some day we'll print all the books that deserve it."

The editor took on a reflective mood. "Well, sometimes I wonder if when it comes we'll still have the chance. But after all, when we find a thing that looks like genius we do plunge on it. And perhaps between that and the books that pay there is nothing really worth while."

"That sounds like dangerous doctrine," said the Chief, "but we'll have to live up to it for a while. Then we'll do what we like. We'll accept the very best work that is offered."

And so we left it. And so the search goes on. And so there is always hope.

Poco



The many Poco Cameras, from the little Pocket Poco illustrated here, to the famous Cycle Pocos and Tele-Photo Pocos, are all exactly constructed for the successful making of artistic pictures. Pocos for 1903 are simpler, more compact, more graceful in line, more beautiful in finish. The successful Pocket Pocos are now being made in three styles, and to suit all tastes. To the simple and accurate Poco shutter mechanism the artist may now add the advantages of the Ross Homocentric lenses. These famous lenses of Jena glass may be fitted to Poco Cameras. The new Poco book, sent free, should be in the hands of every student of photography. It tells of the best Pocket Camera and best construction. Write to

ROCHESTER CAMERA AND SUPPLY COMPANY,
507 Poco Street,
Rochester, N. Y.

Pictures are Worth While

HARTSHORN — STEWART HARTSHORN — STEWART-HARTSHORN

The Genuine Improved HARTSHORN Shade-roller *always* has this signature on the label.

Stewart Hartshorn

If you are wise you will accept no substitute.

Make Your Leisure Count

Shorthand Bookkeeping

The Mail Route to Success

Your success is governed by the thoroughness of your business training.

Our System of Shorthand

Is the best. Under the personal charge of expert instructors you are made competent. You write sentences with the first lesson and learn from the beginning the words as they should always be written.

Our Commercial and Industrial Bookkeeping

is imposed by the leading schools and business [illegible]

We furnish all supplies free, a standard typewriter free to home students, and secure lucrative positions for graduates.

Write for prospectus and sample lesson to

MAC CORMAC CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
920 100 Washington St. Chicago, Ill.

INVISIBLE SUSPENDER WORN EITHER UNDER OR OVER SHIRT.

SUSPENDER END — TROUSERS BAND
THEY SPRING TOGETHER

TWO GRADES
50¢ - 75¢
COMPLETE

EXTRA FASTENERS 5 CTS
TWO SETS 25 CTS

Learn Shorthand

[illegible] Department of the City of New York. Successful pupils in our own city and in every part of the country from Maine to California. Catalogue and Free Lesson for four cents to [illegible]

Cordially yours, PATRICK J. SWEENEY, Principal,
Manhattan Reporting Co., Dept. S, 150 Nassau St., New York

BRASS BAND

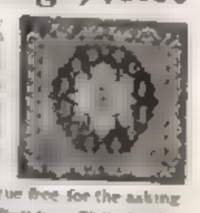
Catalogue and Lowest prices [illegible] mailed free; it is

LYON & HEALY, 10 Adams St., Chicago

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.00

Sizes and Prices	
9 by 6 ft.	$3.00
9 by [illegible] ft.	3.50
9 by 9 ft.	4.00
9 by [illegible] ft.	4.50
9 by 12 ft.	5.00

Beautiful and attractive patterns, woven through [illegible]



[illegible] of factory cash if you want it. Catalogue free for the asking
Oriental Importing Co., 6870, Bourse Building, Philadelphia

CLEANEST, HEALTHIEST

Belfast Mesh

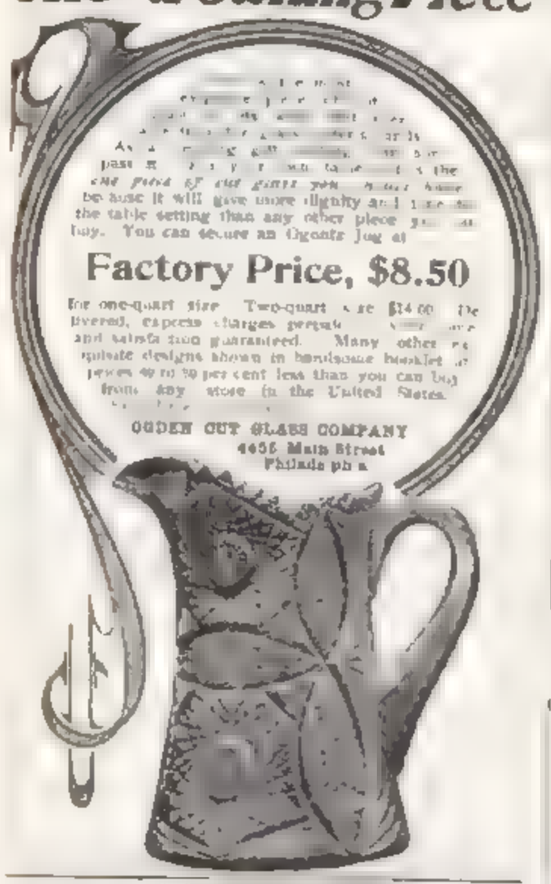
Linen Underwear—that wears

Keeps the skin healthy—absorbs readily the excess of perspiration, leaving the body dry and comfortable

Samples of fabric *free*—"nature [illegible] with our convincing book, on request. For sale by the best dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will.

THE BELFAST MESH UNDERWEAR COMPANY, 332 Mechanic Street
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The Crowning Piece



... the one piece of cut glass you should have because it will give more dignity and ... the table setting than any other piece you can buy. You can secure an Ogontz Jug at

Factory Price, $8.50

for one-quart size. Two-quart size $14.00. Delivered, express charges prepaid ... and satisfaction guaranteed. Many other exquisite designs shown in handsome booklet at prices 40 to 50 per cent less than you can buy from any store in the United States.

OGDEN CUT GLASS COMPANY
4656 Main Street
Philadelphia

Capital
$500,000.00
Surplus
$750,000.00

Banking by Mail

Our banking by mail system is especially helpful to those living in small cities and towns where banking facilities are limited and where little or no interest is paid on savings. The mails are perfectly safe and the system eminently satisfactory

4% Compound Interest

This bank pays 4 per cent ... compounded twice a year on all savings ... Deposits are received in any amount ... $1.

Booklet and full information sent free to any address. Write to-day

THE KEYSTONE BANK OF PITTSBURGH
320, 322, 324 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SPENCERIAN
PERFECT
Steel Pens

USED BY EXPERT AND CAREFUL PENMEN FOR NEARLY FIFTY YEARS

Sample card, 12 pens different patterns, will be sent for trial on receipt of 6 cents in postage stamps. Ask for card *R*.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway New York

Atar Myosotis

A GIFT OF NOTE

is compounded from carefully selected ingredients, and more than ten years has been considered necessary to develop the true perfume. One or two drops on handkerchief or lace produce satisfactory results. The concentrated strength and antiseptic qualities easily distinguish Atar Myosotis from cheap articles mixed with water, and in order to further distinguish the product from others, the Atars are offered only in Blue Glass bottles, mounted with sterling silver. It is the most refined, unique and attractive article for the toilet ever exhibited

The silver mount is very suitable for engraving initials, monograms etc. If you do not find it at your merchants, we will send it for $2

ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
167 Strand, London, England.
349 Kent Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A.

Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

A PNEUMATIC SHIRTWAIST—Worn at sea, it is said to be as good as a pocket lifeboat built for one.

TO PUT on a life-preserver under one's ordinary clothing and wear the device without inconvenience from the start to the end of a sea voyage is now a possibility.

Essentially the new life-preserver consists of a series of small pneumatic tubes, made of canvas, muslin or other suitably flexible material, which completely surrounds the body, beginning at the waist and extending in spiral form up under the arms. These tubes are similar to those used in the inner part of pneumatic bicycle tires. The edges of the spiral series are stitched, and the tubes terminate in a mouthpiece, by which the wearer may, in emergency, inflate his life-preserver to such an extent that it will bear not only his own weight but enable him to support a group of people. This arrangement is designed particularly for strong men and swimmers who, in the presence of calamity at sea, would plan the rescue of fellow-passengers.

To support merely the wearer, however, it is not necessary that the tubes be fully inflated. Although quite small, and thus adapted to be worn with the same comfort that one would experience in donning an additional lightweight garment, the buoyant virtues of the device inhere in the great length of the series of pneumatic coils, which are capable of containing many cubic feet of air.

The new life-preserver is remarkably light. The only thing metallic about the contrivance is a small aluminum cylinder in the mouthpiece with a check valve to hold the air after the tubes are inflated. In starting on a voyage, say from New York to Liverpool, a passenger may have his life-preserver inflated with an ordinary bicycle pump, or he may, if he wishes, puff it up himself with his own breath. After inflating the spiral device to any dimension desired, the valve is closed and the life-preserver needs no further attention. It may be worn comfortably during sleep. In addition to ordinary life-saving purposes the device may be used to advantage by people learning to swim. It is planned to equip sailors and life-saving crews with these preservers, as they will not interfere with any freedom of movement necessary.

In the cabins of well-appointed steamers are placards calling attention to life-preservers in racks overhead or deftly tucked under berths. Though these afford a sense of security against storm and shipwreck, many passengers do not know how to use them and often in moments of panic fail to take advantage of them. Wearing one of the new preservers, a passenger cannot be taken unawares. Although unable to swim and pitched without warning into the sea, it is said to be impossible for a person, wearing a pneumatic life-preserver, to sink.

MILLIONS FOR THE SOUTH—A new system of tapping that saves all the resin and turpentine and does not kill the tree.

IT IS the carefully worked out estimate of Dr. Gifford Pinchot, Chief Forester of the United States, that the recent invention of a simple device will result in an annual increase of at least $13,000,000 in the revenue from the turpentine and resin industry of Southern pine forests.

Experiments with the new system of tapping the trees show a minimum gain in turpentine and resin of 23 per cent. In many instances the increase is from 75 to 100 per cent. Some of the Cuban or "slash" pines yield the surprising increase of from 300 to 400 per cent., as compared with the production by the present system of boxing. A further advantage, more vital, perhaps, even than the additional millions in annual returns, is that by the abolition of boxing the least possible damage is done the trees. Instead of the former mutilation the new system necessitates only shallow clipping.

The total value of the turpentine and resin crop of 1902 was something more than $17,000,000. Had the new method been known then the product would have yielded a return of over $30,000,000. Instead of 600,000 barrels of turpentine, this new device would have caused a production of 1,050,000 barrels. The resin product of 1902 was 2,100,000 barrels. The new process would have filled 4,675,000 barrels. A gain of nearly three million barrels in resin and turpentine is a great claim to be made for a

Winners of Advertising
Who Attract Attention

How I Qualified Them by Mail Instruction in a Few Months to Fill Important Positions

By GEORGE H. POWELL

THE readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have been deeply interested in my talks about the great and growing business of advertising writing, and about the principles which govern success in this celebrated vocation.

Scarcely a day passes that I do not receive letters of inquiry from prominent educators and business colleges, who realize that the teaching of ad. writing by correspondence is a factor in business and educational life that must of necessity continue to grow more and more in influence and power year by year.

Indeed, there is little doubt that the progressive business men of the future will no more think of getting along without the assistance of the competent ad. writer than they would now think of getting along without a trained bookkeeper.

I have written much concerning the marvelous achievements of young men and women who have taken my course of instruction and are to-day filling high-salaried positions as advertising managers and writers in various parts of the country, and I shall continue along the same line this week.

In all the world there is nothing so encouraging, so stimulating, so convincing as the living example, and in the achievements of J. A. Brainard and Wm. H. Lidell, which I am about to note, the prospective student will doubtless find numerous replies to many a mental question raised in regard to his or her chances of succeeding through enrollment in the Powell System.

I have selected these two young men as representative of two different types—one a college man and the other from the humbler walks.

Mr. Brainard was recently made advertising manager of the great firm of Brill Brothers, one of New York's largest clothiers and furnishers, embracing a system of four immense retail establishments. About a year ago Mr. Brainard was obliged to leave Dartmouth College on account of his health, and ere long he drifted to the great metropolis, where he moved around like a square peg in a round hole. In other words, he was trying to secure a footing in the ordinary business walks, and it soon dawned upon him that the city was full of thousands of clerks and subordinates just as capable of drawing meagre weekly salaries as he was.

Some mature reflection resulted in the absolute conviction that if he was to win early success it must be in some vocation not crowded with half-paid workers. One of his friends, occupying a responsible position in Hargoods, the most important institution of its kind in the world, which secures only high-class, skilled workers for the largest manufacturers in America, told him to take up the study of ad. writing, as there were not half enough competent writers of advertising to meet the demand. Mr. Brainard then took up the Powell System as advised, and in a few months attained such proficiency that he was later appointed to his present position, where he has demonstrated his ability in a most promising manner. In teaching him, I devoted much time to catchy illustrations and the chatty style of writing. No one is born with advertising originality, and Mr. Brainard will cheerfully testify to the fact. He will also volunteer the information that the Powell System is in reality a kindergarten system in many respects, since the teaching, so far as it relates to idea originality, consists in analysis of a host of actual advertisements which are replete with advertising principles and object lessons, and which stimulate the student and cause him or her to "see things." These resulting illustrative ideas on the part of the student, as was the case with Mr. Brainard, are at first usually weak and withal commonplace, but week by week the improvement continues until one fine day it is seen that the true advertising spirit has at last been developed. This may come about in three or four months or sooner, and thereafter, until the course is completed, it is merely continued drilling to thoroughly and indelibly impress the true advertising principles on the brain so that they can be applied anywhere.

Mr. Lidell, the new advertising manager of the C. E. Barker Mfg. Co., 56-58 Warren St., New York, was filling a position of no consequence a year ago on little Governor's Island, and the Powell System is responsible for his present skill. The Barker Company are originators of advertising systems, including the famous trading stamps, and for a graduate of mine to fit into such a responsible place in so brief a time means a good deal.

It means among other things that I can make a competent ad. writer from anyone possessing an average education, such as our grammar and high schools afford, plus perseverance.

And I cannot too strongly caution the prospective student against the fatal error of instability, since it is a thousand times more at fault than any lack of talent.

He who is unwilling to devote on an average of an hour or so per evening for months has nothing to gain by my instructions.

Business men and those who have their way to make in the world will be interested in my new Prospectus, which is the most instructive ever issued. It also contains an abundance of testimony that gives the facts as they are. To obtain a copy simply address me, George H. Powell, 199 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Coffee Tried and Found Guilty.

No one who has studied its effects on the human body can deny that coffee is a strong drug and liable to cause all kinds of ills, while Postum is a food drink and a powerful rebuilder that will correct the ills caused by coffee when used steadily in place of coffee.

An expert who has studied the subject says: "I have studied the value of foods and the manufacture of food products from personal investigation and wish to bear testimony to the wonderful qualities of Postum Cereal Coffee. I was an excessive coffee drinker, although I knew it to be a slow poison. First it affected my nerves and then my heart, but when I once tried Postum I found it easy to give up the coffee, confirmed coffee fiend though I was.

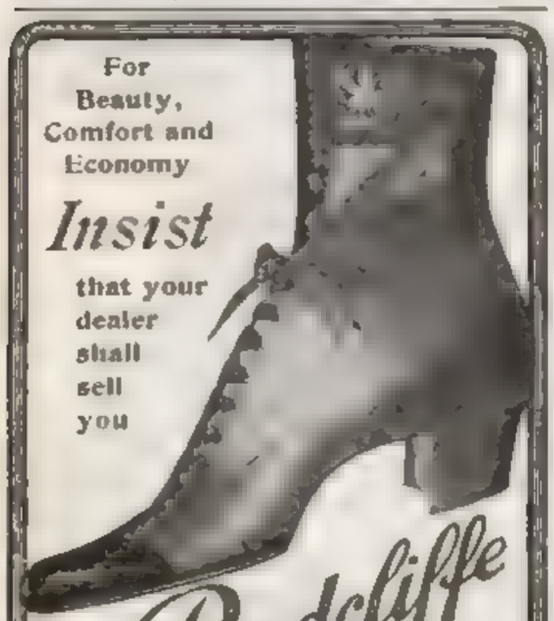
"Postum satisfied my craving for coffee and since drinking Postum steadily in place of the coffee all my troubles have disappeared and I am again healthy and strong.

"I know that even where coffee is not taken to excess it has bad effects on the constitution in some form or other, and I am convinced by my investigation that the only thing to do if health and happiness are of any value to one is to quit coffee and drink Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

For Beauty, Comfort and Economy

Insist

that your dealer shall sell you



Radcliffe

Shoes

$2.50 for Women

Some dealers don't sell them because their profit is small—but yours is large. Insist! Shoe Fashion Book Free.

RADCLIFFE SHOE CO., Dept. 20, Boston, Mass.

THE SAVIN ICE PAD

TRADE MARK

Prevent the stale smell that [illegible] refrishes millions [illegible] the ice chest. Saves 15 [illegible] per cent. of the ice bill.

Keeps Provisions Much Colder

Can't get out of order. [illegible] to wear out. Lasts a whole season. 75c a sq. ft. At all first class hardware, housefurnishing [illegible] Booklet [illegible]

SAVIN ICE PAD COMPANY

1023 Filbert Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTED FEB 17 1903

WATER MOTOR FAN

$1.50 [illegible]

Any pr[illegible] adjust it easily and without [illegible]

Diameter, 10 inches. Makes 2000 Revolutions a Minute.

[illegible] a current of [illegible] we send on approval. $1.5[illegible] and wanted. It has no equal for the sick room. Use up [illegible]

PRICE, COMPLETE, $1.50 AGENTS WANTED

DELAWARE RUBBER CO., Dept. 34, 631 Market Street, Phila., Pa.

EFFICIENCY IN TURPENTINE

Government Scientists Show How to Increase Profits.

Little contrivance. Yet these are the conservative figures of Government scientists, founded on thorough practical tests

Of such significance is the new system in arresting the present wasteful and injurious method of harvesting turpentine and resin that the United States Government has secured special rates from Southern railroads to haul the new equipments in carload lots

Furthermore, in order that operators in this industry may secure the great advantages of the new method at once, the Government offers scientific aid in the field in the installation of the method. All this is given without charge

Inasmuch as the system has been perfected by Dr. Charles H. Herty, an expert in the Government employ, the principles of the discovery are given without reservation, so that the turpentine men will be able to change to the better method with little expense

In Doctor Herty's system an earthen cup of the same capacity as the standard box is used to catch the crude turpentine. Through a half-inch hole in a stout rim at the top the cup is suspended from a nail driven into the tree. Two thin galvanized sheet-iron gutters, two inches wide and from six to twelve inches long, and bent lengthwise through the middle at an angle of 120 degrees, convey the resin to the cup

These are the essentials of the new system, which may be applied to trees previously boxed, as well as to new timber. In making the converging incisions for the reception of the sheet-iron gutters some scientific care is required

Also, in the hanging of the cups great precision is necessary. As these soon fill with rain water, a law of physics has been followed, by which the resin, although at first of less specific gravity than water, is finally caused to sink to the lower side of the cup Each additional drop of rain forces out a drop of water. No resin is lost, either by escape over the edge of the receptacle or by evaporation of the spirits of turpentine.

In addition to giving this invention to the turpentine industry, securing special transportation schedules for the equipment, and offering without charge to superintend its installation, the Government has obtained offers from manufacturers to turn out these cups and galvanized gutters at special wholesale rates.

AN ENERGETIC CHEESE—Investigation shows that some cheeses are ninety per cent. potential energy.

EFFORTS are being made by the Government to extend the manufacture of cheese in the United States and to increase its consumption. Recent experiments with the common American brand of cheese show its food value to be very great. In these tests ninety-three per cent. of the protein and ninety-five per cent. of the fat were digested, the available energy produced being ninety-three per cent. Notwithstanding its remarkably nourishing qualities, cheese is eaten only to a very limited extent in the United States. In fact, it constitutes less than half of one per cent. of the total food consumed in this country. That small quantity represents 1.6 per cent. of the total protein and 1.6 of the total fat in America's food supply.

After several years of careful study of the subject scientists have evolved a plan to popularize cheese in the United States. They are convinced that the system of making large cheeses, which in the retail trade are carved by grocers into awkward slices, has greatly handicapped the industry. The cheese thus prepared and sold is not strikingly tempting

Noting that print butter brings a higher price than that article in bulk, and is in far greater demand, Professor E. H. Farrington reasoned that cheese put up in pound packages, each one bearing the imprint of the maker, would enhance its sale. But the curing of cheese in one-pound packages presented a difficult problem. Professor Farrington solved it by devising a carved board for use in a rectangular cheese mould which makes sixteen impressions on the cheese, stamping it and dividing it into one-pound prints.

What recommends the method particularly is that it opens a profitable thing to individual dairy farmers. At present less than six per cent. of all the cheese manufactured in the United States is made on farms. Factories control the industry. They turn out annually about 300,000,000 pounds. The new plan of printing pound cheeses gives promise not only of stimulating the general trade but also of enabling farmers to gain reputation for their brands, even where the output of a dairy is limited.

Man will climb to any height for the love of a woman,
To encourage his ambition
Charm him with
NABISCO Sugar Wafers.

It is difficult to imagine anything more charming than

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

with the fascinating flavors of Lemon, Orange, Chocolate, Cherry, Vanilla, Strawberry, Raspberry or Mint. No matter what dessert or beverage you are going to serve you can get

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

in a harmonizing flavor

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

[illegible] National Biscuit Company 1903

I explain each lesson to my pupils by personal letter

Will It Be All Play? Make Your Summer Count

Don't wait until Fall; take up the profession of ad-writing now and by Fall I will fit you for a position. That's when the positions are obtainable. The new profession of advertising is uncrowded; it pays well; competent men and women are in demand. The Helms course of ad-writing has been successfully taught by mail for the past two years. The graduates, without a single exception, endorse it. They're all quite willing to do this, because they're all in good positions, obtained and held because

THEY KNOW THE BUSINESS

This course is not taught by "form letters." Every lesson is prepared and corrected by Mr. Helms himself, and is accompanied by a letter personally dictated by him. He has no assistants. Consequently but two hundred pupils can be taught at one time. If you're willing to work a few hours each week, and to ask questions about whatever features of the work are not clearly understood, you may be one of the summer students, and you'll be equipped in about four months. Only earnest men and women are wanted in this course. Their instructor will be no less conscientious in his work. Interested? Write without delay to

ELMER HELMS, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. Formerly Ad Writer for John Wanamaker

A Failing Memory

Is the First Evidence of Mental Decay

[illegible] It is absolutely [illegible] The poorest memory may be developed and strengthened by proper training, just as the muscles are developed by a proper course of physical exercise

THE PELMAN SYSTEM of Memory Training

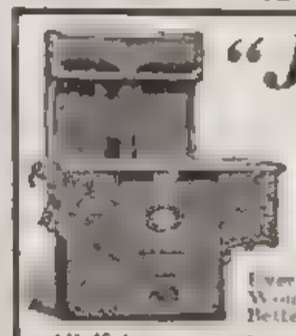
is taught in six languages. Requires only a few minutes daily and is so simple a child can master it. Mr. Pelman's books, "Memory Training: Its Laws and Their Application to Practical Life," and "The Natural Way to Learn a Language," sent FREE by mail, postpaid. Write right now—before you forget it

The Pelman School of Memory Training, 1641 Masonic Temple, Chicago

LONDON, 4 Bloomsbury St., W. C. PARIS, Avenue de Neuilly, 109

MUNICH, Mozartstrasse, 9 MELBOURNE, G. P. O. Box 402

By George! I Forgot That.



"Just Supposin'"

Just suppose that you knew for sure that we send you a high grade range—none better at any price—for from $15 to $20 less than your dealer asks [illegible] a range to [illegible] good. Would you keep that $15 to $20 in your pocket or [illegible] give it to the dealer? We do save our customers that much money and

WE SEND THE RANGE ON 360 DAYS APPROVAL TEST

Every range blacked and polished and any man can put it up. We prepay the freight. Wouldn't it be wise to investigate? Our [illegible] No. 182 is free for the asking. Better write for it. Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

All Kalamazoo cook stoves and ranges are equipped with patent oven thermometer.

MEN'S HAT No. 1

[illegible]

A 50-Cent Hat by Mail

[illegible] make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for catalogue.*

MEN'S HAT No. 2

In smooth finish. *Colors* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl.

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 66 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.

WANT [illegible] the mercury in a "Ruckstuhl's Patent Lens Finder Fever Thermometer [illegible] or postpaid direct

CHAS. S. RUCKSTUHL, 819 Elm Street, St. Louis

GINSENG

Book free, telling how to invest in the Ginseng Industry and [illegible] money

F. B. MILLS, BOX 60, ROSE HILL, NEW YORK

Save Half Your Cigar Money

And Get a BETTER Smoke

BY our direct method, which cuts out all in-between profits, we offer you cigars as good as you now smoke for one-half what you ordinarily pay at retail—shipping them, charges prepaid, **direct from our factory to you.** Nothing between you and us but a legitimate, close factory margin. We pleased the consumer for years, with jobbers, salesmen and retailers between us, why not all the more so now, **DEALING DIRECT**, with precisely the same brands **at exactly the same prices formerly charged wholesalers,** especially when we **save you one-half your smoking expense?** The saving in price does not come out of the cigars—they are the same as ever. It comes from saving you the jobbers', the salesmen's and the retailers' profits—three profits in your pocket. We don't claim that we make the best cigars in the world, but **we do claim that we can suit you.** We will send you a varied assortment, so that you can easily make your own choice. If actual trial does not confirm **ALL** our claims, you will get

YOUR MONEY BACK

For **75 cts.** we will send you twelve **10c.** straight and three-for-a-quarter values; or for **50 cts.** twelve 5c. and 10c. values, each cigar separately wrapped and described, each cigar under positive guarantee to please you, always delivered, **TRANSPORTATION PREPAID,** anywhere you say, and

A STRAIGHT 50% SAVING TO YOU

In any case, write for our FREE illustrated booklet, "ROLLED REVERIES," showing how ten cents straight and three-for-a-quarter cigars can be bought to boxes of 25 and 50 for from 4c. to 6c. each; others from 2c. to 3c.

Asbury Park, N. J.—"The cigars are all exceptional and just as you represent without exception." (Name furnished on request.)

REFERENCES—Any way you prefer to look us up; but best of all, our customers everywhere.

JOHN B. ROGERS & CO., The Pioneers
41 Jarvis Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE

Well has the name "Nature's Finest Food and Drink" been given to Welch's Grape Juice. It is just what it purports to be, wholly grape juice, undiluted and unfermented, as pure and delicious as the grape in the cluster.

Welch's Grape Juice is a true thirst quencher, it goes right to the spot and satisfies without excessive drinking. You know that it is doing you good. Remember, Welch's.

Your druggist and grocer has it. 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c. Booklet with recipes, free.

WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO.
Westfield, N.Y.

Pears'

All sorts of people use it, all sorts of stores sell the famous English complexion soap. Established 1789.

Sold all over the world.

His Razor Doesn't Pull

Does Yours?

Try His

$1 POSTPAID Replaced if Unsatisfactory

"THE RAZOR WITH A CHARACTER"

Cannot be excelled. Finest steel. Hollow ground. Patent process temper. **GUARANTEE** to replace and ask no questions clinches the argument. Send your dollar today and see for yourself. **FREE BOOK.** Send for it.

SHUMATE RAZOR CO., Dept. F, Austin, Tex.
For branch offices see Munsey's, Argosy, Everybody's, etc.

ALABASTINE

We want to tell you of the durable and sanitary wall coating and tender the FREE services of our artists in helping you work out complete color plans; no glue kalsomine or poisonous wall paper. Address **Alabastine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., or 105 Water St., N.Y. City**

AN EARLY WRECK

(Continued from Page 7)

Duffy reached toward the lantern which afforded the only light.

"If you touch the light I begin to shoot," said Tyce; and someway every one knew that he meant it. In various ways the nerves of the regulators received an impression of the difference between a remonstrance and a gattling-gun ready for action.

Bob Terhune had only a vague, whirling impression of all this, and to him the light went out. When it returned it shone glimmeringly from a tin reflector behind an oil lamp fastened to the wall. Two men moved uncertainly about him. One was young Doctor Howell, the other was Tyce, and Tyce was telling the young doctor what to do.

Next morning Bob knew perfectly well that he was lying on a battered horsehair sofa in Tyce's office. The lawyer brought him some breakfast from the hotel.

"What happened?" said Bob feebly.

"Nothing at all, my boy," said Tyce cheerfully, "except that you got your head cracked."

"They—the others?" His eager eyes were fixed on the lawyer's face.

"The Cressets are all right. Their Eagle's had its tail pulled out, but they're all right."

Bob hated the man with a feeble jealousy for a moment and went to sleep. Later in the day he roused and lay speculating. Would Miss Lydia know anything about him? Would she care anything about him now?

Amid his speculation Miss Lydia herself entered. She drew a chair and sat down beside his battered horsehair sofa. "Oh, Bob," she moaned, "are you much hurt? Do you feel better?"

"I'm all right," he murmured.

She met the boy's hungry, humble, blue eyes. A deep, unused, unexpected instinct of maternity stirred in her maidenly breast. She lifted his battered head in her arms and laid her cheek beside his bandages. "Oh, dear Bob! We're all broke up and we're going back to Ohio," she said.

But what she said did not matter. She held his head in her arms and bent her cheek beside him. Bob closed his eyes, and for a moment he wished that he were about to die.

She lowered his head to the soiled pillow. "I'm sure you'll get along well, Bob," she said. "You were so brave. We'll always remember you. We're going to-night. I must say good-by."

For an instant Bob thrilled to the tips of his toes as his swooning, ecstatic thought formed the daring question, "Will she kiss me?"

"Good-by," he murmured.

"Good-by, Bob," said Miss Lydia more briskly, and stood up. "He will get along well, won't he?" she added with an entreating note.

And Bob heard James E. Tyce replying gallantly, "Certainly. I will answer for him."

Miss Lydia went out, and Bob understood that James E. Tyce had stood by, a smiling, shameless spectator of the sacred scene.

"Well, you're going to get along all right, aren't you, Bob—with me?" said Tyce cheerfully.

Lydia was gone. Tyce had seen everything. This cheerfulness was the straw too much.

"I'm going to get along all right," said Bob fiercely; "but I suppose you'll be going back to Ohio."

"Ohio?" the lawyer repeated, at a loss. He looked down at the helplessly jealous blue eyes. Then, slowly and gravely, he took the chair which she had occupied. He pushed his beard up to his mouth, and for an exquisite instant Bob's soul was pierced with the suspicion that he was hiding a grin. But when his face was disclosed it was very grave.

"No, there's no Ohio for me, Bob—or for you. We've both lost the stake. Your advantage is that you have a longer time to forget about it in, and mine is that I've lost my stake a good many times before. Probably that's why I can keep my temper."

Bob looked away and felt himself small and young.

Again Tyce pushed his beard up to his mouth; then went on: "We're a good deal in the same boat all around. I suppose there'll be some coldness toward both of us on the part of our fellow-citizens. We might strike up a sort of partnership—now that the Eagle

JOYOUS VACATION DAYS

Vacation time is here again. Where are you going this summer, and how?

There are many delightful places: Lake Chautauqua, St. Lawrence River, Adirondack and White Mountains, Atlantic Coast, Canadian resorts, Niagara Falls, South Shore of Lake Erie Country, including its beautiful Islands; lakes of the Northwest, Yellowstone country and Colorado places.

The service of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway—unequaled for completeness and comfort—may be used with greatest advantage for reaching all of these places.

Privileges—A number of enjoyable privileges are accorded on tickets over the Lake Shore: stop-over at Lake Chautauqua, Niagara Falls, Lake Erie Islands, also option of boat or rail, either way, between Cleveland and Buffalo, etc.

Summer Books—Sent for six cents in postage by undersigned: "Lake Shore Tours," "Lake Chautauqua," "Quiet Summer Retreats," "Privileges for Lake Shore Patrons," "Book of Trains."

Any information for perfecting your vacation plans gladly furnished.

BOSTON EXCURSIONS—Over the Lake Shore, July 2, 3, 4 and 5. Good until September 1. Very low rates. All railways sell in connection with Lake Shore.

CHAUTAUQUA EXCURSIONS—Over Lake Shore, July 3 and 24, from all points west of Cleveland, O. Good 30 days.

A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.

TRADE YOUR OLD CAMERA FOR A NEW ONE

Having a market for Old Cameras, we are in a position to pay you a good price in a trade, giving you the choice of an EASTMAN KODAK, CENTURY, PREMO, POCO, or HAWKEYE CAMERA. Write today describing your Old Camera and tell us the one you would like to have, and see the tempting offer we will make.
New Camera Catalogue FREE for the asking.

THE FRANKLIN CO. 507-511 Superior St. TOLEDO, OHIO

COLT Acetylene Gas

CARBIDE-FEED GENERATOR
CHEAPEST AND BEST
Complete Gas Plants from **$48 to $5,000**
More brilliant than gas or electricity. Costs less than kerosene. Suited for any building anywhere.

Write for booklet G.
J. B. COLT CO.
21 Barclay St., New York
The largest makers of Acetylene Apparatus and Stereopticons.

Boston
Philadelphia
Chicago
Los Angeles

Government Positions

More than **12,000** appointments made last year. Chances better for 1903. Hundreds whom we prepared by mail have been appointed. Established 1893. Full particulars *free* concerning government positions, salaries paid, examinations—when and where held in every State, our methods, etc. Write to-day.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE (Inc.), 19-42 Second Nat'l Bank Building, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A BOY'S SPENDING MONEY. We want boys in every town to sell **The Saturday Evening Post.** If you will try it, write and we will send next week's supply of 10 copies without charge, to be sold for 5 cents each, and everything necessary to start at once.
The Curtis Publishing Company, 436 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

WEDDING INVITATIONS and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-Date Styles. Finest work and material. 100 Stylish Visiting Cards, 75 cents. Samples and Valuable Booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," FREE.
J. W. COCKRUM, 527 MAIN STREET, OAKLAND CITY, IND.

The Saturday Evening Post

Announces for Early Publication

An Absorbing Serial

Story of Western Railroad Life

By

FRANK H. SPEARMAN

This story was accepted for publication because:

It pictures really unfamiliar phases of railroad life.

It is more absorbingly interesting than any of the railroad stories that have appeared during the past ten years.

Its hero (Ab Glover) is a typical American, whose chief joy in life is in overcoming difficulties.

Its heroine is a fine womanly girl, who is the centre of a powerful love story.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Penna.

Waverley

Model 21; Price, $850; With Top, $900.

Electric Vehicles

No complications. Turn on power and steer. Electric brake. Drop postal for catalogue. Many more models and prices.

POPE MOTOR CAR CO.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Agencies in all principal cities

has flung itself to the breeze and flown away. How would you like to stay in my office and study law with me?"

Bob merely gasped at him for an instant. "But—would you?" he asked incredulously.

"I would," said Tyce, and laughed openly.

"But—I—I don't know very much," Bob stammered.

"Well, I don't know very much, either," said Tyce genially. He bent forward. "Only you can stand pat when the time comes. I know that. I like that—even if I've mostly lost at it. We'll form the partnership."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of complete and independent short stories of Blue Ridge and of Bob Tarbune.

Despotism and Democracy

(Continued from Page 11)

Scipio opened the front door, and announcing that Miss Maitland was at home, showed Julian Crane and Annette into the drawing-room. As they walked briskly to the fireplace they saw the two persons on the sofa start apart. Thorndyke rose to his feet. Having been accepted, he was once more master of himself and of the situation. Constance cowered in the corner of the sofa.

"Pray excuse us," cried Annette, laughing, blushing and hesitating.

"There is nothing to excuse," replied Thorndyke coolly. "Miss Maitland has just promised to marry me. I am sure I don't know why, but I am very much obliged to her, all the same."

Annette reached out and took Thorndyke's hand in hers.

"I know why," she said; "any woman would know why."

Crane shook Thorndyke's hand warmly.

Constance, too, rose, and without a word, but with rapture in her eyes and smile, received Annette's kiss and Crane's cordial grasp of the hand.

"I suppose," said Annette, "you are too blissfully happy to be interested in anything now, but when you come to your senses I am sure both of you will rejoice with us. We have just had a dispatch from Senator Bicknell, saying my husband was elected Senator, at four o'clock to-day, on the fifth ballot."

And then Crane spoke, with sincerity in his eye and his smile:

"We came straight to you for sympathy in our good fortune—for which we are wholly indebted to Senator Bicknell. And we find you enjoying the good fortune that befell us ten years ago. Ah, there is no such good fortune on this earth, Thorndyke, as a good wife!"

(THE END)

The Festive Filipino

THE War Department is in receipt of a communication from the Philippines which gives an amusing account of the ready musical talent of the Filipino people. Upon hearing an air for the first time some of the native performers can reproduce it, frequently with little or no flaw or variation. Marches, hymns, operatic selections and ragtime melodies are all eagerly added to their repertoire. American tunes, the communication states, are particularly catching, rag-time especially appealing to the lively imagination of the Filipino. Although quick to take up our music, they are far less ready in acquiring the English language. In consequence they have adopted and now render on solemn occasions American airs that appeal to them, utterly unconscious that the words are totally at variance with the occasion. At one town the Filipino citizens had assembled to honor Governor Taft, and when he walked to the platform the native band, to the great amusement of the Governor and his staff, struck up, "Good-Morning, Carrie."

More incongruous still was the tune Governor Taft heard in a funeral procession. A Filipino of standing had passed away and the obsequies were designed to be imposing. In the cortège behind the hearse marched a native band. Not a member of it understood English. With dirgelike movement, but with startling fidelity to the American tune, the musicians played, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night."

THE CRUSADER STOGIE

Direct from factory to you, at a saving of one-half the cost.

Send 25c for Sample Box of 12

and we will mail you free a handsome leatherette stogie case.

Crusader stogies are all hand made of the best selected tobacco—long filler—5½ inches long.

They are as clean, fragrant and satisfying as any cigar. This special offer is for a limited time only—write to-day.

Box of 100, postpaid, $1.50

CRUSADER STOGIE COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Advertising Taught by Mail

Send today for free test blank which enables us to advise you what your prospects are for success. This is the largest, most successful and most influential institution teaching the science, art and practice of advertising. Successful students everywhere earning double previous incomes who learned at home by giving spare time only for from three to six months.

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
916 Williams Building, Chicago
Owned and conducted by 10 leading Chicago Advertising men

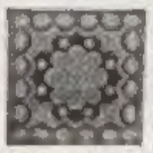
"In Time of Peace

prepare for war." While you are well and a good insurance risk, you can get insurance; and the sooner the less it costs. Afterwards—either impossible or more costly. **We insure by mail.** Send for booklet "The How and the Why."

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

We Carpet Your Floor for $3

To introduce our new, serviceable and healthful



BRUSSELETTE ART RUGS

Attractive and artistic patterns, woven on both sides and in all colors and sizes. Easily kept clean and warranted to outwear higher-priced carpets. Sent prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Illustrated catalogue showing rugs in actual colors sent free.

Sanitary Mfg. Co. (Inc.) Dept. 5, 233 So. 9th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

SHUSHINE A PERFECT SHOE POLISH IN PASTE FORM

And a Complete Shoe Polishing Outfit for 25c. Sufficient for 100 shines. It is in a tube. You can't spill it. Shoes wear one-third longer where Shushine is used exclusively, as it never hardens or cracks the leather. It is easy to apply and quick to polish.

If your local dealer cannot supply you, will send by mail on receipt of 25c. Canvassers wanted for every County in every State.

Osmic Chemical Co.
DEPT. P Brockton, Mass.

LEARN ADVERTISING

If you want to know how to do your advertising at less cost, if you wish to become an advertising writer or manager at $20 to $100 weekly, if you wish to gain knowledge that will positively increase your salary or income, learn advertising. My method of instruction is so simple and complete that any man or woman with a good command of the English language can, in three months, acquire sufficient knowledge to begin to earn money, though I keep in touch with my students, and help them and advise them for a whole year.

Send three two-cent stamps for handsome sixty-page prospectus, and booklets "How Shall A Young Man Succeed?", "The Ill Fortunes of Brother Bill" and "Other People's Brains."

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES, 150 William St., N.Y.

To Owners of Gasoline Engines Automobiles, Launches, Etc.

The Auto-Sparker

does away entirely with all starting and running batteries, their annoyance and expense. No belt—no switch—no batteries. Can be attached to any engine now using batteries. Fully guaranteed; write for descriptive catalog.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
18 Main Street Pendleton, Ind.

GET "THE MERKEL"

—the Motor Cycle with the Single Lever Control. Always speedy but never unsafe. The most simple machine made. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue.

Agents Wanted.

THE MERKEL MFG. CO., Dept. 5, Milwaukee, Wis.

DO NOT STAMMER

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D.D., LL.D., M. E. Church, Phila.; Bishop C. H. Fowler, D.D., LL.D., Buffalo, N. Y.; Hon. John Wanamaker, ex-Postmaster-General, Phila., heartily endorse the Phila. Institute—THE PIONEER STAMMERING SCHOOL. Illustrated 80-page book free. EDWIN S. JOHNSTON, Pres't and Founder, who cured himself after stammering 40 years. 1033, 1043 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

19th Year

Summer Session, Atlantic City, N.J.

7 per cent.
IMPROVEMENT BONDS

Issued by the City of Seattle in denominations of $200 and $500, possessing every element of security and certainty of prompt payment of interest and principal so eagerly sought by careful investors, can be purchased of

R. F. GUERIN & CO., SEATTLE, WASH.

A MARVEL

CROMIE'S BREATHING TUBE, FOR MEN AND WOMEN. Develops Chest 2 to 6 inches. Helps throat and lungs. Postpaid 25c. Cromie's Illustrated book of exercises complete, 25c. Both postpaid for 50c. silver.

Address W. J. CROMIE, Physical Director
Norton Building, EASTON, PA.

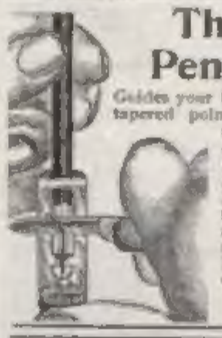
BOAT BUILDING SYSTEM

23 Feet Long, 5 1-2 Beam

To build this boat requires 200 ft. of oak, 400 ft. of pine or cypress, $4.50 in hardware and paints, and a set of our $15.00 Patterns. We sell Boat Patterns from $3.00 up. Our **Printed Patterns** are actual size of each piece and include a **Complete Set** of working illustrations and instructions by which **anyone** can build a Launch or Row Boat for one-eighth the factory price. We build completed boats and knock-down frames. Particulars, address

BROOK'S BOAT MFG. CO., LTD., Bay City, Michigan

The Artistic Pencil Pointer



Guides your knife and makes a beautifully tapered point. Superior in effectiveness to any of the costly machines on the market. Peter Ballingall, Certified Public Accountant and Auditor, of Philadelphia, writes: "It is the only one I have ever come across that does the work in a really perfect manner." Price 15c., two for 25c., of your dealer or the Manufacturer.

E. L. McDIVITT
Belvidere, Ill.

The UNIVERSITY PREPARATORY SCHOOL

BOYS ONLY—Boarding and Day Departments—ITHACA, N. Y.
Prepares for Cornell and All High-Class Colleges
CERTIFICATES ACCEPTED SINCE 1895.

Junior House opens September, 1903. **Summer Term** opens July 15, for eight weeks. (Circulars.) Fall Term opens September 24th. Send for illustrated Catalogue to

CHARLES A. STILES, 110 Avenue E, ITHACA, N.Y.

OUR ROTARY MEASURE

The fastest *all around* measure made. Measures curves of any kind as easily as straight work. Accurate, carried in vest pocket, lasts a lifetime. So simple, anyone can use it. An ideal measure for factory, office or home. No skilled person can afford to be without it. Says one, "I would not be without it for $50.00." For a limited time only $1.75 each. Your money back if not satisfied. Write today for free illustrated circular *KJ*.

STECKENREITER MFG. CO.
94 Lake St. Chicago, Ill.

Mss. Syndicated

To nearly 2,000 publishers or sold to exclusive publishers—on commission; also criticised, revised and prepared for publication; Journalism and Story-Writing taught by mail. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit"; tells the whole story. Thornton West, Editor-in-Chief; founded 1895. Books placed for authors.

NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis

The "PULLING POWER" varies. Would you like to know why? It is part of the science

OF ADVERTISING

Your can study monthly and increase your business if you read

MAHIN'S MAGAZINE

222 Monroe Street
$1.00 a year Chicago $1.00 a year

Squab Book Free

Squabs are raised in one month, bring *big prices*. Eager market. Astonishing profits. Easy for women and invalids. Use your spare time profitably. Small space and capital. Here is *something worth looking into*. Facts given in our **FREE BOOK**, "How to Make Money With Squabs."

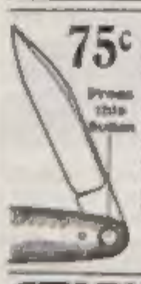
PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.
2 Friend Street Boston, Mass.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Taught by Mail Thoroughly Taught by the founders of the original school. Taught in an expert manner, enabling you to earn expert salary. Six years' success and hundreds of successful graduates. Large prospectus free on request.

PAGE-DAVIS CO., Suite 18, 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

75c WILL BRING YOU THIS Press-Button Knife



which a simple pressure of the button opens. It locks open, cannot close on the fingers, saves the finger nails, has two blades hand-forged from Wardlow's best English steel, and is in every respect as good a knife as can be made. Ladies' and Gentlemen's sizes in Stag, Shell or Ivory handles, including moisture-proof Chamois case, securely mailed to any address. Full description of other styles in booklet for postal.

NOVELTY KNIFE COMPANY
426 East 52nd Street, New York City

GUYOT SUSPENDERS are the easiest and most comfortable suspender made. Have indestructible buttonholes. If your dealer doesn't keep them send 50 cents for sample pair.

GUYOT BROS., 621 Broadway, New York City

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL

Largest Nursery
Result of 78 years' experience

STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.; Etc.

LEARN TO WRITE SHORTHAND

Stenography as It Should be Taught and as No Other Man Ever Taught It.

Students enrolling with this institution are placed under the direct personal instruction of Robert P. Rose. Our Book "*Progress in Shorthand*" mailed free. It tells everything.

PAGE-DAVIS SHORTHAND SCHOOL
Suite 18, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

The most artistic and durable color effects on shingles are produced with Shingletint, which is a scientific combination of linseed oil, coloring matter, creosote, and the necessary drying agents.

Among the many shingle stains offered, Shingletint is conspicuous not only for its superiority, but because it can be called for by its distinctive name, thus offering the consumer protection against inferior goods offered for the same purpose.

When buying Shingle Stains it will be worth while to ignore the "just as good" argument and insist upon Shingletint.

Stained woods and descriptive literature sent free upon request.

Berry Brothers, Limited

VARNISH MANUFACTURERS

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco

Factory and Main Office, DETROIT

$25
To Colorado and back

Burlington Route

That will be our price for a ticket from Chicago. From St. Louis only $21. These special tickets will be on sale July 1 to 10, good to return until October 31. On other days during the summer, tickets will be $30 from Chicago, $25 from St. Louis. Practically half fare. Send today for a copy of our

Handbook of Colorado.

It will tell you all about the hotels, boarding houses and ranches, their prices, attractions, charges for livery, fishing and hunting—everything you should know about Colorado, the one perfect spot in America for a summer outing.

Address P. S. EUSTIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Ry. Co., 209 Adams Street, Chicago. 45

KLIP-KLIP

TRIMS, FILES, CLEANS,

THE POCKET MANICURE

SOLID GERMAN SILVER

Keeps the nails in perfect condition. A complete manicure for man, woman or child. Sold everywhere or by mail for 25c

KLIP-KLIP CO., 570 Clinton Ave. S., Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. Lyon's

PERFECT

Tooth Powder

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century

PREPARED BY

J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

FRANKLIN ALWAYS DID THINGS JUST A LITTLE BIT BETTER THAN ANY BODY ELSE COULD DO 'EM.

WHEATLET

A Trip to the Seashore!

Any Boy Can Go

ARCHIE EADIE sells THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in a small town in New Jersey. One morning last summer he eagerly watched a crowd of people boarding an excursion train for the big camp-meetings at Ocean Grove and wished that he was going with them. He had a little more than enough money for car-fare, but nothing for board and spending money. Then an idea came to him. He wrote to the publishers of THE POST to add 100 copies to his order for that week and to send them to him at Ocean Grove. Two days later he was among those who boarded the excursion train.

When he got to Ocean Grove he found his copies waiting for him and started at once for the beach with a bundle of them. The knowledge that unless he sold the copies he would not have money to pay for his board gave extra vigor to his work. Up and down the boardwalk, into the pavilions, on the hotel porches and along the streets he went, offering the magazine. Wherever there was a crowd there was Archie. Late in the afternoon he went to the boarding-house and engaged board for a week, tired but happy, for he had almost enough to pay the bill.

Before the end of the week he received a check for $5.00, one of the cash prizes offered monthly to THE POST boys. He wrote for 50 extra copies for the next week. These he readily disposed of and decided he would stay a few days longer. At the end of that time he returned home, sunburned and happy, with enough money left to order his next week's supply for "home consumption." Archie is 12 years old. He writes: "That way of going to camp-meeting suits me all right."

ANY BOY CAN SELL

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

after school hours and on Saturdays. ***No money required.*** **We send ten copies free the first week. These supply the capital for the next week. Write to-day for the free copies and booklet showing photos of successful boys and describing their methods**

DON'T BE AFRAID TO TRY IT. If 6000 boys are making money this way, YOU can do the same.

$250 in Extra Cash Prizes Next Month to Boys Who Do Good Work.

Address, Boy Department, The Curtis Publishing Company
428 Arch Street, Philadelphia

$30
round trip to
Colorado

daily from Chicago, with correspondingly low rates from other points. Only one night en route. Two trains daily. *The Best of Everything.*

Colorado is the ideal place for a

Summer Vacation

It is a country perfectly suited for rest, recreation or sport, abounding in good hotels and boarding places adapted to any man's means.

All agents sell tickets via the

Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line

Illustrated booklets on application to
W. B. KNISKERN, Chicago, Ill.
or E. L. LOMAX, Omaha, Neb.

The Diamond Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

AND

NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, BUFFALO, DETROIT, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, DENVER, AND SAN FRANCISCO

4% SAVINGS DEPOSITS

This institution, with deposits of $10,000,000.00, solicits your savings to any amount from $1.00 up and pays 4 per cent. interest, compounded semi-annually.

Write for Booklet No. 4
How to Bank by Mail

Pittsburg Trust Co.
Pittsburg, Pa.

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS
$6,000,000.00

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample bicycle

'03 Models High Grade $9 to $15

1901 and '02 Models, best makes $7 to $12

500 2ND-HAND WHEELS

all makes and models good as new $3 to $8. *Factory Clearing Sale.* We ship on approval and 10 days' trial without a cent in advance. *EARN A BICYCLE* taking orders for us. Write at once for *bargain list* and our wonderful special offer to agents. Tires, sundries and sporting goods, all kinds, half regular price.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M 6 CHICAGO, ILL.

SUMMER HOMES IN VERMONT

LAKE CHAMPLAIN and THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

Illustrated Book with complete list of hotels and boarding houses. Board $4 per week and upward. Mailed for 4c. postage.

A. W. ECCLESTONE, G.P.A., C. V. Ry., 385 Broadway, N. Y.

ARMOUR'S

Veribest

TRADE MARK

CANNED MEATS

WHY NOT TRY *Veribest* YOU CAN BUY

ARMOUR & COMPANY CHICAGO